THE UNEXPECTED WEDDING.

C.R.Ryley del. W.Skelton sculp.

Henry *Let me help you to remove the sack.*

Frankly *No, no.*

Henry *Into the yard; no farther.*

Frankly *Will you let it stand, then, when I bid you.*

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DOMESTIC STORIES.

Containing the following interesting Tales, &c.

Fate of Pride.
Bounty in a Poor Man.
The Unnatural Mother taught Affection.
The Foolish Choice.
The Autodidactos, or Self-taught.
The Caprice of Love.
The Dog preserved from Death.
The Volunteer returned.
Charity performed in Secret.
Cruelty to Animals.
The Grove and Aqueduct.
The Unexpected Wedding, a Drama.

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THE

FATE OF PRIDE.

BLUFF, the ſon of an induſtrious huſbandman, had ſhown betimes a great propenſity to arms. He was obſerved continually exerciſing with his hoe, and loved the company of ſoldiers, who would let him uſe their guns. At eighteen years of age, he liſted. As his father had accuſtomed him to go to ſchool, he had by that means learned to write a current hand, and cypher readily. With theſe accompliſhments, he made himſelf ſo uſeful in the regiment, that in two years time, his officers firſt made him corporal, and ſerjeant after.

Nigh about this time was war declared, and by a combination of the luckieſt circumſtances, at the opening of the firſt campaign, they gave him a lieutenancy. His conduct was exemplary on all occaſions. He was pitched upon for every daring enterprize, and commonly came off with honour. To his praiſe, it was remarked, that never ſoldier under his command had flinched.

The general, who had been told of his exploits, preſented him ſoon after with a company, that he might ſtir the ſoldiers up to emulation, by his fortune. He was hardly ſettled in his new appointment, when a hot engagement happened. His ſuperior officers were many of them taken off, by which means Bluff now ſtepped into a good majority.

His name had often been inſerted in the papers; and no ſooner did thoſe papers that contained it reach his native village, than the people ran to wiſh his parents joy. One may imagine eaſily, how proud his parents and their children were of being Bluff's relation. They would weep for joy, when any one made mention of his name; and be at all times longing for the happy day of his return, when they might fold a ſon and brother in their arms, whoſe bravery reflected ſo much honour on his family.

And yet, the reader is to know, that notwithſtanding theſe good qualities, he was infected with a very odious vice. This vice was pride. To hear him talk, there was not in the world a human being ſo adroit and valiant as himſelf. He talked of every action he had been engaged in, as a flatterer would talk of thoſe a ſovereign prince had done, if he were ſure he heard him. He attributed more glory to himſelf than naturally he *could* claim, but did not ſpeak of any officers who had behaved with no leſs bravery than he.

The war by this time being ended, he came home, and as it chanced, the regiment was to paſs his father's habitation, on its way to Hounſlow, were the officers were to diſband it. Hardly had his brothers (for by this time his poor parents were both dead) been told of this, than out they ran, accompanied by half the village, as they meant to meet him on the road. They were not long without a ſight of Bluff; they joined him at the very moment, when, in quality of adjutant, as well as major, he was exerciſing part of a battalion.

Oh, dear Bluff, began the eldeſt brother, if our parents were yet living, what a joy this ſight would give them! I, for my part, have been ſighing this long, long while for a meeting with you. God be praiſed! I can enjoy it now! The pleaſure is too great to bear! And ſaying ſo, he threw his arms out with the greateſt ardour to embrace him.

But the major, vexed to death, and angry that a man, who was without a feather in his cap, ſhould thus preſume to call him brother, puſhed him off, as ſcorning his embraces. You are very inſolent, ſaid he, to take theſe freedoms. What, cried out the younger, have you then forgot us? Look at me, pray. I am Matthew. Formerly you loved me. It was you that taught me how to dig and ſow this ground, when I was very little: look you, not ſo high as that *(ſhowing his ſtick.)*

The major grinned with rage, and threatened he

he would have them taken up for cheats, unleſs they left him inſtantly.

The ſoldiers, who were witneſſes to this opprobrious ſcene between the major and his brothers, durſt not vent their indignation openly, but ſaid in whiſpers to each other: Is our major then aſhamed of having once been what we are at preſent? On the other hand, he ought to look upon it as his boaſt, that he has been ſucceſsful through deſert. That circumſtance is far more glorious to him, than it would be had he come of an illuſtrious houſe.

But Bluff had not a ſoul ſo elevated as to think thus nobly. Far from recollecting, he had formerly been in the ranks, as the expreſſion is, he thought by his diſdain he ſhould compleat that purpoſe he had formed of making his late comrades really forget what he had been. Accordingly, he treated them with abſolute contempt, while they upon the other hand conſidered him much more contemptible on that account. His elevation, that had formerly occaſioned them ſome cauſe to glory, did but humble them at preſent. They obeyed his orders with reluctance, and there was not one but wiſhed the regiment fairly rid of ſuch an upſtart.

One day, as it chanced, he was reviewing the battalions before the adjutant general: this laſt officer made ſome ſlight obſervations on their method of manœuvring, when the former had the audacity to give an inſolent reply. His

pride

pride had frequently before this matter ſhocked the general officers; and this additional infraction of the law, enjoining military diſcipline, was followed with ſeverity of puniſhment. His impudent deportment, when on trial, irretrievably compleated his diſgrace and ruin. He was broke, and ſolemnly declared incapable of ſerving in the army any longer.

In the ſituation he was now reduced to, having only the alternative of living by the labour of his hands, or periſhing through want, he was compelled to pay a viſit to the place of his nativity.

The peaſantry no ſooner ſaw him in this ſad condition, than they made him know their time was come, as they had always thought it would do, to repay him ſcorn for ſcorn. As he had never ſought the friendſhip of a ſingle creature, fancying it was far beneath a perſon of his conſequence to mix with country bumpkins, not a ſingle creature now would be *his* friend; and he was utterly deprived of what is certainly the greateſt bleſſing in the world, as being the ſole ſolace men can meet with in the ſeaſon of diſtreſs.

He had not therefore any one to fly to for relief, except his brothers, whom before he had ſo cruelly miſtreated. You may fancy they miſtreated him. He merited, no doubt, as much; but happily for him, they had that magnanimity or inward greatneſs, he was totally without. They neither of them would take any other vengeance, than by doing him,

in

in his affliction, all the ſervices they could. It was a long time now ſince Bluff had touched his ſhare of what his father on his death bed left behind him; which, together with his pay, was all conſumed. His brothers therefore gave him each a little ſpot of ground: he was obliged to cultivate it by the labour of his hands, and that way gain a maintenance. While thus employed, he was continually thinking of the fortune he had loſt. Ah, curſed pride! would be his frequent exclamation, to how mean and ſervile a condition haſt thou not reduced me!

This ſorrowful idea filled his life with bitterneſs, nor was it long before his heart was broke.

He died, and left behind him an example of the fatal conſequences pride draws down on thoſe who are infected with it.

BOUNTY IN A POOR MAN.

FARMER Thomas was from home, upon a viſit to his ſiſter, who had many years been married, and reſided with her huſband in a village nine miles off. One evening, after ſupper, he was ſitting with her at the door, and talking of indifferent matters, when a little girl in rags went

went by, who might be five years old, or thereabouts. The farmer, taking notice of her wretchedneſs, remarked upon it to his ſiſter as ſhe paſſed. Poor little thing! ſaid he. Her very rags will hardly hold together. 'Tis a ſcandal to the pariſh, that one living creature in it ſhould be left to go about in ſuch a trim. Her parents muſt be quite inſenſible, to let her wander in this miſerable figure.

Ah, replied the ſiſter, ſhe has loſt her parents; and beſides, there are two other children in the ſame condition. For theſe three months paſt, they have done nothing elſe than wander up and down the village, without finding any one ſo charitable as to take them in. They lie at night in barns, or under trees. When they are hungry, they ſit down upon the ground before ſome houſe, and if a bit of bread is offered them, they take it, with the greateſt joy; but never beg. Their father, who you cannot but ſuppoſe from what I am about to tell you, muſt have been diſordered in his brain, enjoined them on his death bed never to aſk charity.

This ſhort recital touched the heart of Thomas.

But 'tis frightful, ſiſter, he went on, that any child ſhould be abandoned thus; and I muſt take them in myſelf, if no one elſe will ſhow them ſo much kindneſs.

Both the ſiſter and her huſband looked upon it as their duty to diſſuade him, if they could, from ſuch a project. You have children of

your own ſaid they, and don't know theſe. They have been uſed for three months paſt and upwards to a vagabond or wandering life, and cannot come to any good. Beſides, think, brother, likewiſe what a great expence and trouble you would bring upon yourſelf at home.

But Thomas was not one of thoſe who are diſſuaded from good actions by the thought of ſome few difficulties. He paid no attention to the obſtacles they ſtarted, much leſs then did he reply.

He went to bed. The pleaſure he enjoyed beforehand, from the project he deſigned to execute, would not till morning let him go to ſleep, and tears were in his eyes, when, after three or four whole hours, he cloſed them.

On the morrow early he got up, and ſent a ſervant out to find the eldeſt girl. The people of the village told her, they were all three laid along near Farmer Clodpole's hayſtacks, where ſhe found them.

Well, how old are you, my girl? ſaid Thomas.

Twelve, replied the girl.

THOMAS. They told me yeſterday, your parents are both dead; and one may ſee by your appearance, that they left you no great matters.

The GIRL. No, indeed; for we are very poor.

THOMAS. But have you no relations that would take you home?

The

The GIRL. Yes, ſome; but they are very poor themſelves.

THOMAS. Well, ſhould you like then to go home with me, and be my child?

The GIRL. Ah, if you would but be ſo kind.

THOMAS. Well, that affair is ſettled then; but I am going home on horſeback, and can no way carry you all three. I ſaw your little ſiſter firſt, and will begin with her. Go fetch her: let us get acquainted with each other firſt of all.

It was not long before the little ſiſter came. She had ſo ſweet a countenance and prattled ſo, that Thomas thought himſelf already half her father.

He ſet out, and took her on his horſe, before him.

Being now got home, his wife inquired whoſe child he brought her?

Yours, dear Maudlin, anſwered Thomas.

Upon which, he told her how he firſt caſt his eyes upon the little girl; what he had learned of her diſtreſs and friendleſs ſituation; how he took compaſſion on her, and had brought her home to be his own.

During this recital, the poor little child did nothing in the world but cry,

Till Maudlin, who was to the full as good a hearted ſoul as Thomas, took the child affectionately up into her arms, and wiped its eyes. Well, well, ſaid ſhe, don't cry; for ſince my

huſband means to be your father, I will likewiſe be your mother.

But, dear wife, ſaid Thomas, there are ſtill two more, a brother and a ſiſter of this child, who have as great a right to our compaſſion.

Ah, dear Thomas, anſwered Maudlin, I can ſee what you are driving at. Well then, to-morrow, you muſt go and fetch them alſo.

On the morrow, Thomas got his little cart out and ſet off; but not without firſt kiſſing Maudlin. Go, ſaid ſhe at his departure, God that ſends us theſe poor children thus, will alſo ſend us bread to feed them with.

But Thomas, when arrived, had ſcarce been thirty minutes in the place, but every body knew his errand; and amongſt the reſt, Squire ***, a juſtice of the peace, and lord too of the manor, who, it ſeems, had lent the father, in a fit of generoſity, five guineas. When they told him of the farmer's buſineſs, What a fool! ſaid he, and ſhrugged up both his ſhoulders. Oh, but here's a charming opportunity to get back thoſe five guineas I once lent the father. Don't you think ſo? ſaid he, turning to his ſteward, who was near him. Why, replied the ſteward, 'twill not be amiſs to try. Since he is ſuch a fool to take theſe children, he may be as fooliſh and pay down the money, if we aſk him for it. He *ſhall* pay it, ſaid the ſquire; or elſe, no children. Run and ſee if you can frighten him. — The unfeeling wretch had got his cue, and that he thought enough. He

poſted

poſted to the place where Thomas was, and reached it at the very moment he had placed the children in his cart. He ſeized the horſe's bridle, and cried out to Thomas, You are not to take away theſe children, till his worſhip at the great white houſe is paid five guineas lent their father.

Keep the children then, ſaid Thomas, in a paſſion at the meanneſs of the juſtice. Keep them; but take this too with you—only till to-morrow. If they are to ſtand me only in five guineas, I'll go home and bring them. Poor dear ſouls! I love them more a great deal for the money they will coſt me.

He went home, returned, paid down the money to the juſtice's great comfort; and was now allowed to take away the children. We muſt ſay, indeed they were his own.

You are anxious, my dear friends, to know what afterwards became of theſe three children. Happily I have it in my power to tell you, by relating the diſcourſe a traveller had with Thomas in the ſequel.

All the little family were playing near the farm-houſe door, one evening rather late, while Mauldin was preparing ſupper. Thomas ſtood among them, and partook of their diverſion. As it chanced, the traveller I have juſt now ſpoke about went by, and ſtopped to view them.

Do theſe children all belong to you, my friend? ſaid he to Thomas.

Yes, ſir, anſwered Thomas. I have ten; of

which God gave me ſeven for nothing, and the other three I bought.

The TRAVELLER. Bought, friend?

THOMAS. Yes truly, and for ready money.

He related the whole ſtory of the guineas, and the ſquire; and having finiſhed, added, God be praiſed; for neither have my wife or I repented the affair. 'Tis abſolutely the beſt bargain, ſir, I ever made.

The TRAVELLER. But how do you find means to keep ſo many children?

THOMAS. Such a family indeed appears at firſt expenſive, I muſt own; becauſe as ſome would argue, one wants every thing to feed and cloth one's ſelf, and never can poſſeſs too much: but, ſir, believe me, no one can conjecture how much he is capable of doing, till he tries. I owe, perhaps, my preſent circumſtances, which although they are not affluent, I may yet call eaſy, to my numerous family, and find, that with a ſober and induſtrious life, I can ſupport my wife and little ones, and lay by ſomething too for the unhappy.

The TRAVELLER. And your children are not jealous of theſe ſtrangers?

THOMAS. Strangers! There are none here of that name; but, all pell mell, one family. 'Tis a diſpute, ſir, which among us ſhall be fondeſt of the reſt. Should you be with us the whole day, I would defy you to diſtinguiſh my own children from the three I purchaſed. I am ſometimes out myſelf in gueſſing.

The

The TRAVELLER. But the girl of twelve years old you ſpoke of is not here?

THOMAS. How ſhould ſhe? She has ſomething elſe to do. If ſhe were playing, who would keep houſe for her?

The TRAVELLER. What then ſhe is married?

THOMAS. Doubtleſs. To a fiſherman, who gets a deal of money, I aſſure you. She is quite a lady. It is true I ſpared no coſt to fit her out.

The TRAVELLER. How, friend! and did you give her any portion?

THOMAS. Certainly; one ſhould do ſo on parting with a daughter.

The TRAVELLER. But I need ſcarce tell you, ſhe was not your fleſh and blood.

THOMAS. And what of that, pray? She has cauſed me much more joy than any one of mine as yet can give me. She has got a little girl already, old enough to ſay granddaddy.—I can ſcarcely keep from laughing, when I tell you ſo: it ſeems ſo funny!

Thomas then informed the traveller, how much pleaſure he received already from the other two poor orphans.

The elder of theſe two, which is the girl, ſaid Thomas, is now big enough to help her mother in the houſe: and for the little boy, he ſcarcely has his equal in the fields. I wiſh you did but know, how much they are attached to Maudlin and myſelf, and how we love them.

Thomas

Thomas felt his heart affected, having got thus far, and tears rolled down his cheeks. He wiped them, and concluded the diſcourſe by ſaying with a ſmile that ſignified much more a great deal than the words. Ah, Mr. Squire and Juſtice, you might eaſily have been as happy as myſelf; but like a fool, you ſold me ſo much pleaſure for five guineas. Ah, ah, ah!—Fegs you are finely bit!

THE

UNNATURAL MOTHER

TAUGHT AFFECTION.

IN a ſea-port town, there lived a man whoſe probity had recommended him to every one. This man, whoſe name was Roberts, died quite poor, and hardly better than inſolvent. He had left a daughter, but, alas, there was not one would marry her by reaſon of her pride, her little ſhare of beauty, and her want of fortune. From conſideration of the father's memory, however, a ſubſtantial merchant paid her his addreſſes. He did ſo much good, remarked Bene-

Benevolus, which was the merchant's name, it is but juſt that his ſurviving friends ſhould make him ſome return of favour, in the perſon of his daughter. Upon this account, Benevolus with great humility propoſed himſelf, and miſs with great reluctance yielded to his ſuit; beforehand ſtipulating for the ſovereign empire in his houſe. The great reſpect and friendſhip this good-naturned man had always ſhown the father was extended to his daughter. He conſulted her at all times like his oracle, and if he ever chanced to have a notion differing from hers, ſhe uſed to cut him ſhort with this authoritative preface: the late Mr. Roberts, my dear father,——Nothing elſe was neceſſary to make poor Benevolus confeſs he muſt be in the wrong.

Benevolus died very young, and left two children. All his fortune was by will bequeathed entirely to his widow, with the fatal right of ſharing it between her children juſt as ſhe herſelf might happen to think fit. Of theſe, the eldeſt boy engroſſed her favour and affection; not that any one could think him lovelier, or poſſeſſing a more happy diſpoſition than the younger, but becauſe he was more haughty or imperious, and of courſe more like herſelf. She had, in ſhort, no leſs than all the weak or wicked reaſons a bad mother generally has, for placing her affections on him, in excluſion of her other ſon.

This

This other ſon, of courſe, was badly off. His mother ſcarce would condeſcend to look upon him now and then, and never ſpoke a word without an angry look. This child, intimidated as he was on all occaſions, hardly durſt look up before her, and was never known to anſwer any queſtion ſhe put to him without trembling. He poſſeſſed, ſhe ſaid, his father's diſpoſition; but if any one inquired the other's, who by this time was become as headſtrong, mutinous, and humourſome as human nature can be, he was all perfection, and gentility itſelf. His indocility was a becoming pride of character; his whims, exceſs of ſenſibility. He was applauded for the circumſtance of never yielding up the point to others, being in the right. Now, by the bye, I am to tell you he was never in the wrong. His mother's flatterers were inceſſantly inſinuating in her ear, he had the honour of reſembling her in diſpoſition. Ferdinand, which was his name, had maſters in abundance, but theſe maſters were much more for ſtate than uſe; for, if we take his dancing maſter out of the account, it was ſuppoſed a matter of indifference whether he learned any ſcience; for example's ſake, what uſe, ſaid ſhe, was Latin of? the play and opera were not ſpoken in that tongue. And Geography? which would but point him out the ſituation and reſpective diſtances of place and place; but theſe, remarked the widow, any fool of a poſtilion

poſtiſion would be able to inform him of, upon his travels.

It was then no circumſtance to wonder at, if Ferdinand learned nothing, while his brother reaped the benefit of thoſe who came to teach him, His attention to the work of ſtudy, was, in ſhort, ſo unremitting, that in ſome few years, Theophilus had made himſelf complete in every thing, while, in revenge, poor Ferdinand knew nothing.

Every one that wiſhed to pay his court and worſhip to the lady, ſeeing her weak ſide, went conſtantly to work by making her believe the elder was a prodigy; but her inſtructors, leſs polite and dextrous, by complaining of the indocility and inattention of this favourite, were not ſilent in the praiſes of Theophilus. They did not *bona fide* tell her Ferdinand was in reality a brute; but ſaid, Theophilus poſſeſſed the talents of an angel. Madam's vanity was hurt at this deſcription: ſhe redoubled her averſion to the unhappy little fellow, and reſolved to ſpare her favourite the humiliation of a future parallel.

But in the interim, an affecting matter happened, that rekindled in her heart the parent's feelings, for a moment; but alas! ſerved only in the end, to humble, not reform her nature. Ferdinand was not full fifteen years of age; Theophilus but ten, when ſhe was taken dangerouſly ill. The elder was not interrupted by it in his pleaſures; he cared little for his mother.

ther. Her diſorder grew alarming: poor Theophilus's little heart was full of fear and ſorrow. His impatience to behold his mother, would not let him hide himſelf. He had been ordered conſtantly to keep away, except when ſhe ſent for him; but, at laſt, his filial tenderneſs inſpired his heart with courage. The room door was fortunately left ajar; he had been long upon the watch for ſuch a favourable circumſtance; he entered trembling, and on tip-toe, he approached his mother's bed, who heard him. Is it you, my child, ſaid ſhe? No, mother: 'tis Theophilus, replied the little fellow. This unſtudied anſwer, penetrated deep into her boſom; ſhe was filled with ſhame and ſorrow, but the brother, with a few careſſes, ſoon recovered his aſcendancy, and in an hour or ſo, Theophilus was neither more eſteemed by his unnatural mother, nor leſs worthy of her love.

For ſcarce was ſhe recovered, when ſhe took the reſolution of removing him ſome diſtance from her. The pretext for doing ſo, was this: that Ferdinand might make a greater progreſs in his learning. Ferdinand, ſaid ſhe, whoſe active turn is too ſuſceptible of diſſipation, to admit of an aſſociate in the hours of ſtudy, and who ſeeing the decided partialities his maſters are continually ſhewing for another, more obſequious than himſelf, muſt be diſcouraged. For this reaſon, ſhe reſolved that Ferdinand ſhould be the only object of their cares; and

ſent

ſent away the other to a ſchool that had no manner of repute, but which was very diſtant, and the thing ſhe wanted.

In a twelvemonth after this eſtabliſhment of matters, Ferdinand gave over ſtudying privately, and went to college, where his progreſs was no greater than it had been at his mother's. So that having reached his twentieth year, he came into ſociety with all the ſelf-ſufficience of a coxcomb, who has heard a little by the way of every thing, but thought of nothing.

On his ſide, Theophilus was now come up from ſchool to London, and his ſtill infatuated mother ſeemed quite wearied out with thoſe inceſſant commendations people would be pouring on him. You are nearly now a man, ſaid ſhe, make choice of a profeſſion. You ſuppoſe, perhaps, I have a fortune for you, but are wrong. The ſum your father left behind him was not half of what ſome people think, and will be ſcarce ſufficient for your elder brother. So that all you have to do, is to reflect if you will put black on, or red; be made a parſon or a ſoldier; get into a curacy, or have your brains beat out. In ſhort, you muſt make choice of one or other of theſe two, for I have nothing elſe to offer you.

Theophilus replied, there might be many ways as well as theſe, to fortune, for a merchant's ſon. At that word *merchant*, ſhe was overcome with rage, for having brought a ſon into the world ſo utterly unworthy of her,

and forbade him, for the future, to appear before her. Grieved at having thus incurred her indignation, he withdrew in tears, and came ſoon after to a reſolution, hoping fortune would be kinder to him than a mother. He was told, a veſſel at that time lay under ſailing orders for America. He wiſhed to fix himſelf in commerce there, if he was able. Being now reſolved, he wrote a letter to his mother, craving her advice, her bleſſing, and ſome money: the two firſt were liberally granted; but the laſt with great œconomy.

His mother, thinking it quite happy for her to be rid of ſuch a load, before he left the land conſenting to an interview, beſtowed upon him ſome few tears; and Ferdinand was, likewiſe, brotherly enough to wiſh him a good voyage. Theſe were the firſt kindneſſes he ever had received from his relations; and his heart was ſenſibly affected with them. He durſt not, however, ſay how much he wiſhed for letters from them. But a friend of his, that truly loved him, promiſed he would ſend intelligence from time to time, of every thing he wiſhed to know, and more particularly of his mother.

When Theophilus was thus ſet off, his mother had no other earthly thing to care for, than the eſtabliſhment of Ferdinand, who choſe the law: he was admitted ſhortly after to the bar, and wanted nothing now but an advantageous marriage. A rich heireſs was propoſed him, but the widow was required to come

down

down handſomely, as the expreſſion is. She was accordingly ſo weak, as to ſurrender every ſhilling ſhe poſſeſſed, except a bare exiſtence; being ſure her ſon's whole fortune would be always at her own diſpoſal.

At the age of five-and-twenty, Ferdinand was therefore ſettled as a man of family, a counſellor, a huſband every day becoming more and more neglectful of his wife, extremely careful of his own dear perſon, but not ſo of his affairs at Weſtminſter. There was not to be named a ſingle ſpecies of exceſs he did not, in the ſequel plunge into. His fortune viſibly decreaſed through riotous and ſpendthrift ways; but as he thought it would diſgrace him, ſhould he own his poverty, he would not 'bate a tittle of his vain parade, ſo that in ſome few years he was entirely ruined.

He was come to *hide and ſeek*, as people ſay of thoſe who fear a priſon, when his mother who had been as careleſs of her little all, as Ferdinand of his great fortune, ſent to him for money. His reply was: that inſtead of being able to relieve her, he was utterly diſtreſſed himſelf. Already the alarm was ſpread among his creditors, with whom the conteſt was which of them ſhould firſt ſeize on what was left him. What, ſaid his unhappy mother, at theſe tidings, have I done. Deprived myſelf of all things for a ſon. — Oh heaven! oh heaven! what will become of me?

'Tis time, however, we ſhould now advert a little to Theophilus. Theophilus, poſſeſſed of underſtanding, a good heart, and charming figure, was arrived at Nevis. Every one engaged in commerce knows, with what facility an Engliſhman of good appearance and good morals, can advance his fortune in the iſlands. His good ſenſe, and ſurname of Benevolus, ſoon gained him great reſpect among the inhabitants. With the aſſiſtance offered him, he went to buſineſs, and was getting rich, when he received a letter from that friend of his we have already mentioned, to inform him that his brother was quite ruined, and his mother in the laſt diſtreſs. This melancholy letter he bedewed with tears, while reading it. Alas! ſaid he, my poor dear mother! I will ſuccour you. He would not truſt to any one in this affair. An accident, ſaid he, befalling him I might think fit to ſend would diſappoint my mother of the ſuccour meant, and leave her to expire in indigence and horror. Nothing ſhould reſtrain a ſon from doing every thing himſelf, when the exiſtence of a mother is at ſtake.

With ſuch ideas in his heart, Theophilus diſpoſed of every thing he had,—a ſacrifice that for his mother's ſake he did not find it difficult to make. He got on ſhip-board, taking with him his whole property. He had a ſhort and eaſy paſſage. In ſix weeks he made the coaſt of England; and this worthy ſon, without the leaſt delay, made haſte to get on ſhore, and

with

with his little treaſure travelled poſt to reach his mother's habitation. She was nearly at death's door, and in a ſtate, beſides, more terrible to her than death itſelf. She was deprived of every ſolace, and attended by a ſervant, who as being hopeleſs that her labour would be ever paid, reluctantly performed in her behalf the laſt ſad dues of a humiliating pity. Through the ſhame of ſuch a ſituation, ſhe had bid this ſervant ſuffer no one to intrude upon her, but the charitable doctor that attended her.

Theophilus was now arrived, and at the door: he would have entered, but the ſervant did her duty. Say, then, I am here, cried he, and crave admiſſion. — What's your name? Theophilus. The ſervant went up to the bed, and ſaid a ſtranger wiſhed to ſee her.—Who? —what ſtranger? anſwered ſhe?—His name, he told me, is Theophilus. I need not mention that at ſuch a name, her bowels, as 'tis natural to think, were moved, ſhe was ready to expire. Theophilus by this time was drawn nigh the bed, and could not ſpeak for weeping. Ah, my ſon, ſaid ſhe, and hardly raiſed her dying eye-balls while ſhe ſpoke, at what ſad moment are you not arrived to ſee your mother. Soon will you have nothing elſe to do than cloſe her eyes.——Judge what was not the ſorrow of this pious ſon, to ſee that mother he had left, if I may ſay ſo, in the very boſom of proſperity and luxury,—to ſee her on a

bed of rags, and wanting even common food. My dear, dear mother, he began, and threw himſelf upon this bed of ſorrows, but his words were broke by frequent ſobbings, and thoſe tears which he bedewed the boſom of his dying mother with, were for a time the only indication of his ſorrow and affection. Heaven, ſaid ſhe, with juſtice puniſhes your mother for that love ſhe laviſhed on a ſon.——He was by this time come a little to himſelf, and interrupted her as follows: Every thing is done away, dear mother. Live: I have been bleſſed by Providence with wealth ſufficient, and I come to ſhare it with you. 'Tis for you I had it. Live; for I have wherewithal to make life charming to you. Ah, dear child, ſaid ſhe, if I deſire to live 'tis from a wiſh of making ſome atonement to you for my great injuſtice, by ſincerely loving for the time to come, a ſon of whom I was not worthy in the leaſt: a ſon, I was ſo cruel as to diſinherit. At theſe words, ſhe hid her face, as if aſhamed to ſee the light. Ah, madam, ſaid Theophilus, embracing her, and ſtriving to pull down her hands, hide not my mother from me. I have croſſed the ocean to behold and comfort her. Theſe words were hardly uttered, when the doctor came, at ſight of whom, the widow, in as vehement a tranſport as her weakneſs would permit, cried out, This bountiful phyſician is the only conſolation heaven has left me, and without his pious aid I ſhould have periſhed. Oh, began Theophilus

lus, approaching the phyſician to embrace him, charitable man, who viſit the abode of miſery at the impulſe of a humane boſom, to diſpenſe the gifts of God, my friend and benefactor, what do I not owe you? Had it not been for your aid, I ſhould have loſt my mother. Finiſh your good purpoſe, and reſtore her once again to health and ſpirits. I am rich, and come to make her happy. He was going on, but the phyſician, well aware that ſuch an intereſting ſcene was far too much ſo for his patient, ſaid: go, ſir, rely on my attention. Get her ſome more comfortable lodging, and at night ſhe ſhall be carried to it.

It was got accordingly. The change of air, with proper nouriſhment, or to expreſs myſelf more properly, that revolution joy had made within her, and the calm that followed it, inſenſibly reanimated every organ in her frame. A deep and ſettled melancholy had occaſioned her diſorder; and the conſolation now afforded her, removed it. By this time, Theophilus had been informed that his unhappy brother was no longer; — having miſerably periſhed. One conſoling circumſtance, however, was, that he had left no little ones. The knowledge of this death was prudently kept ſecret from the mother, who could never have endured the ſhock of ſuch a blow; but when her health was perfectly eſtabliſhed, ſhe was told it. All the wounds in her afflicted heart were then re-opened, and a flood of tears burſt forth.

forth. But, heaven, that had removed a ſon unworthy of her love, reſtored another, who deſerved that love, by every tender effort nature and religion dictate. He had left at Nevis a young lady who ſincerely loved him, and to whom, before the arrival of this news, he was upon the point of being married. He made known this laſt particular, and ſaid, that all his wiſh was to embrace his wife and mother both together. She availed herſelf with joy of this propoſal, and reſolved to viſit Nevis with him. An abode, ſo full of her iniquity not leſs than folly, as the town ſhe dwelt in, was grown odious to her, and the moment of her embarkation was, in ſome ſort, the beginning of another life. God's providence, that watches over virtue, gave Theophilus a proſperous paſſage: his intended was prepared to welcome him at Nevis: they were ſhortly after married, and paſſed life away in that unalterable peace which is the happy conſequence of virtue.

THE

THE

FOOLISH CHOICE.

SCENE. *A public houſe.*

A SOLDIER *and the* LANDLORD *of the houſe.*

The SOLDIER.

YOU underſtand me, my good friend: our youth conceived a great deſire to be a ſoldier; and his mother, knowing he had ſuch a conſtitution as would never bear the rigours of a ſoldier's life, attempted to diſſuade him from it, but in vain. So if ſhe can, to cure him of this fooliſh fancy, ſhe has hit upon the ſcheme I juſt now mentioned. Act you in it as I told you: ſay you are extremely poor, have nothing, not even victuals, and her thanks will be forth coming. Happily for her, 'tis winter now, and our young gentleman will have ſome taſte of hardſhips he thinks little of at preſent. He is coming in; he muſt not ſee us talk together; when we want you, I will ring.

The LANDLORD. Here is the bell-pull. (*He goes out.*)

The SOLDIER. What a deal of trouble and vexation

vexation to his mother he occaſions! but already he begins to ſee the folly of his inclinations. *(To Minikin, entering.)* You are then come in at laſt. So ſit down there, and reſt yourſelf. Don't ſtand on ceremony thus, but be entirely at your eaſe. *(He puts his baggage down upon a table.)*

MINIKIN. Dear me! I am quite wet from head to foot, and ſtarved to death with cold. *(He puts his baggage down upon the table likewiſe.)*

The SOLDIER. Why this is nothing yet: when you have once a piece of ice, my Hearty, at the end of every hair, you may indeed complain of cold.

MINIKIN. Oh, I repent already, that I would not be perſuaded by mama, but muſt forſooth become a ſoldier.

The SOLDIER. 'Tis a pity your repentance comes too late, ſince you are liſted now, and muſt endure whatever rigours you may meet with.

MINIKIN. But I need not tell you I have money in my purſe; and if we march again to-morrow, and the weather is as cold, I'll take a coach.

The SOLDIER. Yes, yes, you will be ſuffered ſo do that indeed! And do you think, my little Minikin, there are not others who have money likewiſe, and would coach it if they might?

MINIKIN.

MINIKIN *(weeping.)* Oh, dear! my clothes are wet all over.

The SOLDIER. Fie! a ſoldier, and be crying thus! A ſoldier ſhould be always on the grin, as long as he has one half left him from his head ſtraight downwards.

MINIKIN. All my hair too out of curl!

The SOLDIER. A great misfortune, truly!

MINIKIN. But pray, what are they about? Why don't they light a fire, at leaſt?

The SOLDIER. I'll ring: the maſter of the houſe takes greater care of you than you imagine. Should you heat yourſelf at once, you might, 'tis poſſible, catch cold. *(The maſter of the houſe comes in.)*

MINIKIN. You'll vex me, I believe, to death: for my part I am not ſo coarſe as you. —*(To the maſter)* Well, will you make a fire?

The SOLDIER. Yes, do, my friend, this moment; or the king will loſe a ſoldier.

The LANDLORD. Gentlemen, I am as cold as you are; but have not a bit of wood about the houſe; and what's ſtill worſe, ſhould you be hungry, not a bit of meat or bread to give you. No, nor yet a farthing, to buy any with.

MINIKIN. Dear me! what ſhall we do? For my part, I am ſtarved for want of food as well as fire.

The LANDLORD. Poor little gentleman! you ſeem indeed ſo. Ah, 'tis eaſy, ſir, to gueſs you are not uſed to ſuffer.

MINIKIN. No fire or victuals! Why was I

ſo

ſo fooliſh as to leave mama's fire ſide, and cupboard.

The SOLDIER. Come, come, maſter Minikin, inſtead of crying ſo, pull out a little of your money to buy food and fire wood. We can treat this honeſt man ourſelves in that caſe.

MINIKIN. Oh, yes; am I come here, pray, to treat him? I am much more to be pitied. He was born to ſuffer; but not I.

The SOLDIER. And do you think it any fault of his, that he has neither fire nor victuals for you?

MINIKIN. Should I ſuffer for his poverty?

The SOLDIER. You ſhould have made a bargain when you liſted, that at every houſe you came to, a warm fire, good feather bed, and ſlippers ſhould be ready for you.

MINIKIN. I can hardly ſpeak I am ſo cold.

The SOLDIER. Feel, feel then in your purſe, and let the good man have ſome money: he will buy us ſomething.

MINIKIN. How much muſt you have?

The SOLDIER. Five ſhillings: not a farthing leſs.

MINIKIN. Five ſhillings! that's a deal. *(He takes his money out with ſome reluctance.)*

The LANDLORD *(taking it.)* Heaven bleſs you! *(To the ſoldier)* And you likewiſe; if this little gentleman ſtays with you any time, he will become a charming man, I warrant you. *(Goes out.)*

The SOLDIER. If you had done it with a grace

grace at firſt, it would have coſt you leſs—*(he takes the arms of Minikin to clean them.)*

MINIKIN. But have I money, pray, for others? My mama ſaid I ſhould huſband what I had.

The SOLDIER. But *I* want victuals likewiſe; and 'tis only juſtice you ſhould treat me ſince I do your buſineſs: am I bound to clean your arms, pray?

MINIKIN. If I pay you for it—Ah, here comes the landlord.

The LANDLORD *(entering with ſome wood.)* I have ſent to buy the victuals, and have brought the wood myſelf, that you might have a fire as ſoon as poſſible.

The SOLDIER. Good, good.

MINIKIN *(puſhing the landlord behind, who is rather ſlow.)* Come, come, make haſte, old fumbler.

The SOLDIER. After dinner, we may then mount guard quite comfortably.

MINIKIN. Oh, for my part, I ſhall ſoon be ſick of mounting guard, and therefore I will get mama to purchaſe me an enſigncy.

The SOLDIER. You will not buy it in our regiment, I can tell you; or in any other, if you don't get your mama to buy you firſt a little courage. That's the thing a ſoldier wants.

MINIKIN. Well, pray, and have *I* then no courage, when I learned above a year to uſe my gun?

The SOLDIER. Yes, yes, againſt the hares,

MINIKIN *(to the landlord, who ſtands gaping at the ſoldier.)* You won't then light the fire?

The LANDLORD. Oh, yes, ſir, in a moment.

The SOLDIER. Upon ſecond thought, I fancy we had better go elſewhere: About a mile on farther, we may find another alehouſe, and a fire already lit—Come, Minikin.

MINIKIN. Oh, yes; a likely thing indeed! Expoſe myſelf again to reach your other alehouſe, colder than I am at preſent. *(Crying.)* I believe the whole is done on purpoſe.

The SOLDIER. Poor dear thing! You find things different now to what they were, when you uſed to ſit at home with your mama, and had your feet upon the fender. 'Tis a little colder now?

MINIKIN. Yes, yes, indeed.

The SOLDIER. And yet you will have ſome variety, and find it hot enough ere long.

MINIKIN. I like hot weather.

The SOLDIER. Yes, but 'tis hot fighting I allude to. Fegs! I fancy you will not complain of cold, when they are breaking legs, and thighs, and arms, and beating out men's brains about you.

MINIKIN. Oh, dear me! And ſhall we have ſuch dreadful work as that?

The SOLDIER. Aſſuredly,—but to be ſerious. You were liſted yeſterday, and are advanced but fourteen miles upon your march, and ſeem already to be tired of your profeſſion. Do you wiſh to quit it. You may do ſo very

eaſily

eaſily at preſent, but to-morrow it may be too late.

MINIKIN. Oh, yes, with all my heart, if you can tell me any method; for a ſoldier's life is not the pleaſant one I thought it.

The SOLDIER. You have heard of ſelling out—what think you then of buying out?

MINIKIN. How! buying out?

The SOLDIER. We may find another, who, provided you but pay him well, will take your place.

The LANDLORD. And, fortunately for the little gentleman, I know of one. What would you give him?

MINIKIN. All I have.

The SOLDIER. Give me your purſe then.

MINIKIN. There.

The SOLDIER. I'll take the reſt upon me, and will leave you here: the Epſom coach muſt ſoon ſet off, and you may go to London in it. You are now unliſted, and at liberty to go whenever you think proper; but remember, my good man, in future, not to thwart a mother in her choice of a profeſſion for you, when a day has been ſufficient to diſguſt you with your own. She loves you, and will place you in ſome trade moſt ſuited to your tender conſtitution. This affair has coſt her ſomething; but though far from rich, ſhe will not grudge it, if it teaches you a little wiſdom for the time to come. The fire is lit, and for an hour or ſo, we may enjoy ourſelves; ſo, landlord, let us have a mug of ale.

THE

AUTODIDACTOS,

OR

SELF TAUGHT.

HENRY and HUMPHRY.

HENRY.

LOOK you, Humphry, write my copy for me. Mr. Pearce will not be here this half hour, ſo till ſuch time as he comes, I will amuſe myſelf with ſkipping.

HUMPHRY. Very well.

HENRY. Sit down then, and make haſte; but pray take care you do not write it over-well; for Mr. Pearce will know, in that caſe, it is none of mine.

HUMPHRY. Fear nothing, Maſter Henry. I will write it, if I can, ſo bad, that every one ſhall ſay 'tis yours. *(Henry goes out, and Humphry takes the copy book, and, while he writes, continues ſpeaking.)* How idle Henry is! Theſe two years he has learned to write, and cannot make a letter as he ſhould do yet; while I, without a maſter to inſtruct me, can write charmingly

ingly as if I had been taught as long as he, or longer. But I think this writing is too good. It will never be thought he did it. Oh, I cannot poſſibly write bad enough to make it paſs for Maſter Henry's.

CHARLOTTE *(entering unperceived by Humphry. She ſteals ſofily up behind him.)* What are you about there, Mr. Humphry, pray?

HUMPHRY *(embarraſſed.)* Ah, miſs—I am —your brother—yet you muſt not tell—Your brother has deſired me—But how are you, my dear lady?

CHARLOTTE. Very well.—Oh, oh; I ſee now you are writing Henry's copy. Truly he well learn a deal this way! . . . My brother is an idle little fellow; and as ſoon as Mr. Pearce, his maſter, comes, he ſhall be ſure to know.

HUMPHRY. Ah, miſs, pray don't. See there, 'tis done.

CHARLOTTE. But to be ſerious, my dear Humphry, you don't ſhow yourſelf my brother's friend in writing thus his copy for him.

Mr. PEARCE *(coming in and ſeeing Henry in the adjoining chamber, Charlotte having left the door ajar when ſhe came in.)* How, ſir, are you there, and do you think by ſkipping you will come to be a ſcholar? *(Henry enters.)* Are you not aſhamed of having learned theſe two whole years and upwards with ſuch little progreſs?

HENRY. But, ſir, here's my copy done.

Mr. PEARCE. Ah, ah.—I did not think you

had been half ſo good.—Well, this is charming!—Very good indeed!—But ſure this writing is not yours.—No, no; you would impoſe upon me.

HENRY. Why ſo, ſir? *(Aſide to Humphry.)* You ſhould have done it worſe.

CHARLOTTE. Yes, certainly; my brother would impoſe upon you, ſir; for Humphry wrote his copy; he has juſt now finiſhed it.

HENRY. Well, ſiſter; and pray what was that to you?

CHARLOTTE. A great deal, brother. I don't like to ſee you ſuch a blockhead, and know nothing.

Mr. PEARCE. Was it you then, my good fellow, that did this? You write a charming hand! a very charming one! and who pray taught you?

HUMPHRY. No one, ſir. I never had a maſter.

Mr. PEARCE. Never had a maſter?

HUMPHRY. Never, ſir. Whenever I could come at Maſter Henry's copies, I would imitate them in a book my mother got me. Here it is, *(he takes it off a ſhelf, and ſhews it Mr. Pearce.)*

Mr PEARCE. How! Well, this is very pretty, I proteſt! Text; round and ſmall hand: At your age! Aſtoniſhing! And is it all your own?

HUMPHRY. Yes, ſir: my mother is not able to pay maſters. I am therefore forced to

go

go without them, and learn ſomething by myſelf.

Mr. Pearce. Well, Maſter Robinſon, you ſee this writing. You that have theſe two years had a maſter, and are ſcarcely in joining hand. For my part, I ſhould think you could not but be quite aſhamed at this; and therefore I ſhall give you up. My reputation is concerned, and your papa ſhall know the whole.

Henry. But, ſir—the reaſon is—

Mr. Pearce. Well, what?—the reaſon is,—the reaſon is, you are an idle, little gentleman, and never will learn any thing. So, as I ſaid juſt now, I give you up. Farewell. *(To Mrs. Robinſon, who now comes in.)* Ah, madam, I requeſt your pardon, but you ſee me in a paſſion. I muſt beg you to provide your little gentleman another maſter. I am tired of teaching one who makes no manner of improvement. He has hardly learned to make a letter in two years, and yet this child, who ſays he never had a maſter in his life, writes charmingly. Look, madam, at his copy book. Should I continue teaching Maſter Robinſon, it would be only robbing you of ſo much money.

Mrs. Robinson. What a naughty child! For my part, I am ſick of finding fault ſo often with him as I do.

Charlotte. Mama, I hear the dancing maſter knock. He told me he ſhould come at ten o'clock this morning.

Mrs.

Mrs. ROBINSON *(To Mr. Pearce.)* Well, ſir; for this once, retract your reſolution of not teaching him, and come again to-morrow. I ſhall tell his father, who will puniſh him as he deſerves.

Mr. PEARCE. Since you requeſt it, my good lady, I ſhall come again; but he muſt abſolutely be corrected, and ſeverely too. Your humble ſervant, madam.

Mrs. ROBINSON. Yours, ſir. *(Mr. Pearce goes out.)* Come in, Mr. Holloway, pray.

Mr. HOLLOWAY *(entering.)* I hope I ſee you well, ma'am?

Mrs. ROBINSON. Mr. Holloway, I dare ſay you are no better pleaſed with Henry than his writing maſter.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. In reality, I muſt confeſs he knows but little for the time he has been taught; and does me no great honour: but to make amends, Miſs Charlotte is quite clever and attentive. *(To Henry.)* Come, ſir, you muſt dance a minuet with your ſiſter. Try now, if you can, to turn genteelly, keep your time, and don't be quite ſo ſtiff in all your motions.

Mrs. ROBINSON. I aſſure you, Henry, if you do not pleaſe your dancing-maſter more than Mr. Pearce, you ſhall be ſent to boarding ſchool. Your father would have had you go theſe twelve months paſt, but I would not conſent to loſe you. If however you proceed at this rate, you muſt go at Chriſtmas.

HUM-

HUMPHRY. Madam, will you let me ſtay, and ſee them dance?

Mrs. ROBINSON. Yes, yes, with all my heart. You know it pleaſes me to find you preſent at the time of any leſſon. You will always by theſe means be learning ſomething.

HUMPHRY. Yes, indeed, I think ſo.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. Come then, Maſter Robinſon. Come, miſs, and let us have a minuet. *(He begins to play.)* Right, miſs—Take notice—Mind your time—Your head upright, ſir. One, two, three—Sink—Riſe—Now turn—Too late!—No, no; quite wrong, miſs: ſo, begin that ſtep again—There; eaſy, eaſy—Keep your arm up—Oh; that's not the way, miſs.

CHARLOTTE. How, ſir, would you have me dance with ſuch a partner as my brother?

Mr. HOLLOWAY. You are in the right, I muſt acknowledge, miſs; and therefore I ſay nothing farther to you. I am ſenſible you cannot, with ſo negligent a partner, have that emulation which is neceſſary in the minuet. Every thing depends on that.

CHARLOTTE. My poor, dear little Henry, you know nothing of the figure, and continually put me out.

HENRY. As if you could not dance yourſelf, becauſe I dance improperly. Move on, and don't mind me.

CHARLOTTE. As if I could move on, when every ſtep you take is out of time and meaſure.

ſure. Humphry, who has only ſeen us dance, can figure, I would lay you any wager, better.

Mrs. Robinson. So indeed I think; and therefore come, my little man, and take his place: he merits ſuch humiliating treatment. Show him how you figure. He may learn from what he ſees you do.

Humphry. But, madam, recollect I never learned, and have no other leſſon than by taking notice of Miſs Charlotte's ſteps, and imitating them alone, as well as I am able.

Mrs. Robinson. Well then, let us ſee what you can do. Go you, *(to Henry)* and ſit down there. 'Tis not impoſſible but you may learn by looking on.

Henry. With all my heart.

Mr. Holloway. Well, come, young gentleman; but you have never learned, you ſay?

Humphry. No, ſir.

Mr. Holloway. In that caſe, you will do no mighty matter, miſs, with ſuch a partner; for the art of dancing is not to be learned without inſtruction, and the greateſt maſters find it very difficult to make one dancer perfect out of ten, they take in hand. But come, however, we ſhall ſee what you can do.

Humphry. Since you will have it ſo, I muſt obey you, madam. *(He ſtands up, and he and Charlotte dance the minuet.)*

Mr. Holloway *(playing.)* Not amiſs—A little boldneſs — Hold your head up — Very good indeed! — Well, this is quite aſtoniſhing!

ing! — So now for giving hands — Right — *(To Charlotte)* Turn your feet out.—Slide—One, two, three.—Good!—*(The minuet being done, to Mrs Robinſon.)* Well, madam?

Mrs. ROBINSON. Admirable! Charlotte did it like an angel. But you, Humphry, better ſtill! And is it poſſible, you never had a maſter? and yet dance ſo well! What think you of his execution, ſir.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. I could not have believed it, madam.

HUMPHRY. Notwithſtanding I aſſure you, ſir, I learned no other way than as I mentioned juſt this moment.

CHARLOTTE. And the allemand? My brother does not know a ſingle ſtep in that, I fancy: What are we to do?

Mrs. ROBINSON. The allemand for me, I ſay. So, Charlotte learn that well whatever you do elſe. I love the allemand. 'Tis full of grace and ſpirit. Humphry, you have ſeen the allemand, and may have learned a little of that likewiſe—Have you?

HUMPHRY. I believe ſo, and will do my beſt.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. But then, the ſteps? You could not ſure learn them alone?

HUMPHRY. Oh, as to that affair, I uſed to go and ſee my little couſin in the holidays; and when I might, I uſed to make her turn as I have ſeen Miſs Charlotte.

Mrs. ROBINSON. Well then; we ſhall ſee.

Mr.

Mr. Holloway. This muſt be curious. Take your places. *(While he plays.)* Mind the meaſure, miſs—That's well—*(To Mrs. Robinſon of Humphry.)* Charming! wonderful! Not quite ſo faſt—A little boldneſs in your looks, Miſs Charlotte.

Mr. Robinson *(entering.)* A little boldneſs in your looks, Miſs Charlotte! I would lay a wager, 'tis the allemand my daughter is at preſent dancing.—Yes, ſo I thought. What then, *(To Mrs. Robinſon)* my dear, you will not have the complaiſance for my ſake to let Charlotte leave off dancing this deteſted allemand, that only pleaſes through the boldneſs of the dancer, and requires ſo many ſhameful attitudes? This is, however, what you make her dance, and what ſhe knows too much already of. It ought not to be tolerated in the country.

Mrs. Robinson. This is of a piece exactly with your other prejudices. All young people dance the allemand at preſent.

Mr. Robinson. All young people, let me tell you then, are very ill brought up; and in the end become——In ſhort, my dear, if you have any kindneſs for me, you will not permit this allemand again beneath my roof. 'Tis not for modeſt people; let me tell you that.

Mr. Holloway. But, ſir, what would you have the lady learn inſtead?

Mr. Robinson. The minuet, ſir, the minuet; that's the dance for decent people: it diſplays

diſplays the graces of the human frame with dignity and eaſe; whereas the monkey tricks—

Mr. Holloway. But, ſir, once more, Miſs Charlotte knows the minuet already.

Mr. Robinson. She can never know it perfectly. How many graces in a minuet! That's what I need not ſay to you, ſir. But let's ſee how ſhe performs. *(To Henry.)* But how is this, pray?—You not dancing!

Henry. No, papa; my ſiſter ſays, I figure badly.

Mrs. Robinson. To ſay truth, he dances as he writes; and 'twas to mortify him, Humphry, by my order, took his place; and yet poor Humphry never learnt of any maſter. Do but ſee him dance, my dear, and you will be aſtoniſhed, I am ſure.

Mr. Robinson. With all my heart. *(They dance.)* Well, this is quite ſurpriſing, I muſt own! And is it true, my man, you never were inſtructed?

Humphry. Yes, ſir; I have ſeen Miſs Charlotte dancing, and that's all I learned by.

Mr. Robinson. You are then a ſpecial boy; and I will have you always come and dance with Charlotte.

Humphry. Ah, ſir, with a deal of pleaſure.

Mr. Robinson *(To Mr. Holloway.)* Well, ſir, if you pleaſe, your leſſon for this day is over. We ſhall ſee you Friday next. But,

pray, remember for the future we will have no allemand.

Mr. Holloway. 'Tis juſt as you think proper, ſir.—Your moſt obedient. *(He goes out.)*

Mrs. Robinson. You have ſeen the little Humphry dance, who never had a leſſon; but that's not the whole. He never had a writing maſter, and yet only ſee his copy book——

Mr. Robinson. This Humphry's? 'Tis impoſſible. What every hand, without a maſter! and my jackaſs of a ſon in two years time not learn to join two letters. Well, pray, madam, will you now conſent to have him go to boarding ſchool?

Mrs. Robinson. Yes, yes, ſir; you may do as you think proper. I give up all thoughts of keeping him at home.

Mr. Robinson. 'Ts poſſible he may become a gainer by it, and receive a uſeful education; and if after all he will not take the leaſt degree of pains to get that knowledge ſuited to his future ſituation, ſuch as I could wiſh it were, I have ſtill left me one reſource, to make him learn a trade; for I reſolve he ſhall know ſomething. And, my little Humphry, I will take you henceforth as my clerk, and you ſhall be in ſome degree my ſon till ſuch time as my own is fit for ſomething.

Humphry. Ah, ſir, how much am I not indebted to you? and I hope my diligence and conduct

conduct will not cauſe you to repent of having been ſo bounteous to me.

CHARLOTTE. And, for my part, you ſhall ſee, papa, what pains I will be at to learn the minuet perfectly.

Mr. ROBINSON. You will be very good in that caſe: and, my dear, good Humphry, you and Charlotte, by your emulation, will improve each other.

THE

CAPRICE OF LOVE.

BELINDA and RUTH.

BELINDA.

RUTH?

RUTH. Here, madam.

BELINDA. Let me have——

RUTH. What, madam?

BELINDA. Let me have the ſtandiſh:—No, a chair.

RUTH. Excuſe me, madam; you ſeem diſcompoſed?

BELINDA *(ſitting down.)* Ah, Ruth! I am ſo.

RUTH. Poſſibly you may be vexed with Mr. Manly.

BELINDA. No, indeed; for on the other hand, I find him far too faithful.

RUTH. Far too faithful! this is a new faſhion of accuſing lovers!

BELINDA. Doubtleſs; and the more 'tis new, the more I think myſelf condemnable.

RUTH. And do you think he loves you really too much?

BELINDA. Yes, Ruth.

RUTH. Well, marry him, and he will ſoon be quite another thing.

BELINDA. And would you have me marry one I do not love?

RUTH. And do you in reality not love him any longer?

BELINDA. No, indeed, Ruth: and 'tis that torments me.

RUTH. 'Tis that circumſtance, however, that ſhould eaſe your mind; ſince it is only when one loves, one is a prey to many anxious thoughts.

BELINDA. I ſee you don't yet clearly comprehend me; for with what offence is Mr. Manly to be taxed? No lover ever could demean himſelf with greater delicacy. 'Tis a frightful thing to be ungrateful without any reaſon of complaint.

RUTH. I ſee no frightfulneſs at all in ſuch a mat-

a matter: you are juſt in ſuch a ſituation as you were before you loved him.

BELINDA. Yes; but don't you take it, Ruth, that my indifference will go near to make him miſerable?

RUTH. It is true, indeed, that he will be a grievous loſer in a heart like yours. But, ſince you do not give him up to love another, how are you to blame? We are not miſtreſſes, dear madam, of our hearts; and then, let Mr. Manly always be in love with you. That love will coſt you nothing.

BELINDA. What, would you adviſe me to deceive him?

RUTH. He will ſtill be happy.

BELINDA. Yes; but I am utterly incapable of ſuch a falſity: and yet, to have him think I love him now no longer, is to kill him. No: I cannot tell what reſolution I ſhould take. His preſence tires me, and in future I ſhall be no leſs unwilling to be with him than he is at preſent not to wiſh it.

RUTH. What then hinders you from writing him a letter?

BELINDA. Good; but how afflicted it will make him!

RUTH. I hear ſome one coming. 'Tis himſelf. Determine one way or another.

BELINDA. Bid him wait. I'll go up ſtairs, and think a little of the matter. *(She goes out.)*

RUTH. *(To Mr. Manly, coming in.)* Mr. Manly?

MANLY. Well; and where's your miſtreſs? May I ſee her?

RUTH. Not at preſent. She is very buſy. Wait, however, ſir.

MANLY. I wiſhed to ſee her, but no matter as to that. Some other time.

RUTH. No, no. I'll ſtep up ſtairs and tell her you are here.

MANLY. No, poſitively, I will not diſturb her.

RUTH. Stay, ſir, ſtay a little. I'll be down again this inſtant. *(Goes out.)*

MANLY *(thoughtful.)* I ſhould not have ſtaid to ſee her. How ſhall I declare myſelf? Who would have ſaid I ſhould have ever fancied her leſs lovely? Yet 'tis true. But why? Has ſhe abated in her kindneſs? No; and 'tis that circumſtance affects me. Break with her, and yet have no one reaſon for ſo ſtrange a conduct! But 'tis neceſſary. I am willing ſhe ſhould hate me; but would not be deſpicable. What ſhall I begin with? that I cannot any longer love her? Cannot, when ſo often I have ſworn I could not live without her? Ah! what inconſiſtence! and ſtill worſe, what cruelty! for ſhe has often ſworn the ſame; has ſworn ſhe could not live without me; and has ſworn too ſhe adored me. Can I plunge a poniard then into the heart that loves me, and muſt have no joy but what my love affords it? Can I be ſo fierce a monſter?—But ſuppoſing I ſhould write my reſolution to her. Here is pen

pen and ink. — Yes; if I bluſh at my indifference for her, on the other hand, I need not bluſh at a proceeding that evinces my ſincerity, if nothing elſe. *(He writes.)* My heart, believe me, madam, has deceived me. *(Speaks.)* It will kill her.——(*writes.*) If, however, you determine upon marriage, I comply: I cannot be another's. I am utterly incapable of ſuch a perfidy. I loſe much more in this than you; ſince nothing will be ever able to make up, in my idea, for an object I conceived ſo precious to me. *(Speaks.)* Good! this letter I will give the ſervant for Belinda, and be gone. (*He folds and ſeals it.*)

RUTH *(returning.)* My miſtreſs cannot ſee you for the preſent; but has ſent this letter.

MANLEY, As ſhe pleaſes. I have alſo ſcribbled her a letter, which you will deliver to her.

RUTH. She ſhall have it in an inſtant.

MANLY. Poor Belinda! She is far from thinking matters are in ſuch a ſtate, as ſhe will find them, when ſhe reads my letter. But let's ſee what ſubject ſhe can have to write on. *(Reading to himſelf.)* Is it poſſible? Have I my eyeſight? (*Reads out.*)

"SIR,

'Tis with the greateſt ſorrow I write this: we muſt not be acquainted with each other for the time to come. I am unworthy of you, I confeſs; and cannot bring myſelf to the idea

of

of deceiving you. There is no longer any happineſs in life for me. You only had it in your power to make me happy; but my heart is grown a rebel. You are now avenged; and ſhould be. This acknowledgement I owe you. Deareſt Manly, may your ſenſibility not be awakened upon this occaſion. May you never, for the time to come, repent of having too much loved

BELINDA."

(He falls into a chair.) It appears, then, ſhe no longer loves me. With what coldneſs ſhe declares it! She has got before me, and I feared the avowal I ſhould make would wound her ſenſibility. Ungrateful woman! what can have induced her to ſuppreſs her paſſion for me? But I err. She never loved me. Frightful thought! She can have had the baſeneſs, all along, then, to deceive me! What a dreadful ſituation! *(He leans upon the table.)*

BELINDA *(coming in, and ſeeing Manly in this ſituation.)* You here, Manly! Is this yours? *(ſhewing the letter)* How could you have the heart to write me ſuch a letter?

MANLY. Could I ever have ſuppoſed the time would come, when I ſhould tax you with the unkindneſs of a letter ſent me, and not fear I muſt offend you mortally? Ah, madam! no, your heart could never dictate ſuch a cruel piece of news as you have ſent me.

BELINDA.

BELINDA. What then, you complain when at the very inſtant you yourſelf were much more blameable, and I was apprehenſive, your deſpair at ſuch a cruel piece of news would kill you?

MANLY. Well; and have you found yourſelf miſtaken? No; for my deſpair *will* do ſo. But no matter as for me: may you be happy, madam, ſince you can be ſo, as I diſcover, with ſome other youth.

BELINDA. Ungrateful Manly! do you know my heart ſo little as to ſay this to me? What is my offence then? *(weeping.)*

MANLEY. Is it poſſible! oh heaven! how happy I am all at once! I am in paradiſe!—Ah, madam, if I am not totally unworthy of theſe tears, in that caſe, time, and my repentance ſhall evince, I wrote my letter in a haſty moment, and am ſorry for it. Happy, after all, if you can overlook my raſhneſs.

BELINDA. Overlook it?

MANLY. Yes; and let me be permitted ſtill to love you?

BELINDA. Have not I deſerved your love? But we have both done wrong, and our affection for each other was a treaſure we both ſlighted, being certain of poſſeſſion; but this accident has let us ſee its value. We will then forgive each other, and be more diſcreet in future.

MANLY. Ah, Belinda, hearts like ours were never meant but for each other; never were

were they to be parted. Let us, then, put off no longer that connection, whoſe delay has been the cauſe of our unhappineſs, as well as that of other people. As for me, I ſwear I will for ever love you.

THE

DOG PRESERVED FROM DEATH.

ALEXANDER was a poor day-labourer's ſon; ſo poor, that he had nothing in the world except his ſpade to work with for a miſerable livelihood: he was, however, ſpoken of by every one for honeſty. His wife had been afflicted with a tedious malady; of which ſhe died; and the expences of this malady had left poor Alexander abſolutely bare. He would himſelf have died for very ſorrow, after ſuch a great misfortune, had it not been neceſſary he ſhould live to keep his little boy from ſtarving, whom he loved exceedingly, and who was very teachable, and of a happy turn.

One

One morning, as the little Alexander paſſed a rich man's country houſe, not far from where he lived, a ſervant who was ſtanding at the door, deſired him to come in; and aſked, if he ſhould wiſh to get a ſixpence, without taking any trouble. Yes, replied the little boy; and what am I to do for ſo much money?

The SERVANT. Take a dog of ours, which I will give you, tie a ſtone about his neck, and drown him in the river.

ALEXANDER. Why, pray, do you wiſh to have him drowned? Has he been biting any body?

The SERVANT. No, not that: come here, and I will let you know the reaſon.

He conducted Alexander inſtantly into a chaiſe houſe, and there pointed out the little creature, lying in a corner upon ſtraw. He hardly ſeemed to have a breath of life; his hair ſeemed almoſt off; and he was covered with the mange from head to tail.

Poor thing! ſaid Alexander, he is very bad indeed!

The SERVANT. Fegs, I believe ſo; and on that account, my miſtreſs wants to have him made away with. There are other dogs about the houſe, and ſhe is fearful they may catch his illneſs. If you wiſh to get this ſixpence, you need only take him with you to the bridge. I would not touch him with my little finger for a crown.

ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER. But is there any need to drown him? he might poſſibly recover.

The SERVANT. No; he is too bad for that.

ALEXANDER. One might, however, try.

The SERVANT. If you deſire to try, with all our hearts: provided———

ALEXANDER. Yes, I underſtand you.—I ſhall have the ſixpence?

The SERVANT. What a litle huncks!

ALEXANDER. It is not for myſelf I want it, but the dog. If I were rich, I ſhould not wiſh for any thing; but I have hardly bread to eat myſelf: nay, ſometimes am obliged to go without: and my poor patient muſt not want for victuals in his illneſs.

The SERVANT. Well, then, there is the ſixpence for you.

Alexander, looking round him, ſaw a broken baſket, which he begged to have. He put the dog into it on a layer of ſtraw, and then made haſte to meet his father, who was digging in a field no great way off.

While he was going forward, he looked frequently into the baſket. The diſguſting object in it ſhocked him, but excited his compaſſion too. Poor little thing! ſaid he, you cannot but feel pain. I pity you, indeed, and wiſh I may enjoy the happineſs of curing you. Yes, yes; you may believe me. I am glad I ſaved you from the water.

His

His firſt care, as he was going through the village, was to buy a roll. The baker, as a favour, let him have a little milk to ſoak it in, that it might ſerve the little creature both as meat and drink. All the dog could do, enfeebled as he was by his diſtemper, was to lick it; but even that, in ſome degree reſtored the waſted ſpirits of the patient, and excited hope in the phyſician.

Alexander's father was beginning to be angry with him for his idleneſs, and loitering by the way; but when he was informed what reaſon had detained him, he was pleaſed to find him ſo compaſſionate.

Adjacent to the field, in which young Alexander was that day to help his father, there was accidentally a little meadow. Alexander thought this meadow could not but be proper for his little dog to ſtay in all day long, while he was working. So he carried thither the poor thing, and laid him down upon the graſs, cloſe by a tree: but not in ſuch a ſituation, that its branches would keep off the ſun, which then was very ſultry. His diſorder was occaſioned by the food his former maſter's people had permitted him to ſwallow down in far too great abundance, which had always been raw meat. The ſun had ſcarcely warmed him thoroughly, but he began to move about, and with his little muzzle poke about the graſs to ſeek thoſe plants that inſtinct pointed out, as what would cure him. He had hardly ſwallowed

down a dozen blades, but he was better. Alexander, ſome time after he began to labour, left it to ſee how he did; and was ſurprized to find he had been ſtrong enough to quit the ſpot where firſt he left him; and extremely glad to ſee him on his legs. He carried him the whole week after, every day, into the meadow, when the little animal was quite recovered. Never had he eat his meals with ſo much appetite. By this time, Alexander had expended the whole ſixpence he received, in victuals for him, but obſerving him quite well, he was not ſorry to divide with ſuch a little creature his own victuals. He beſtowed the name of *Favori* upon him. Favori grew prettier and prettier every day. His eyes, that had been dimmed by ſickneſs, were rekindled now, and ſhot forth all their brilliancy. His limbs were reinſtated in their former ſuppleneſs. His hair become as ſoft as ſilk, and of a colour white as any ſnow upon the mountains.

It was no long time, before the rumour of his comelineſs had travelled to the houſe he came from; and the lady ſent her footman with an offer of two guineas, to repurchaſe Favori. Oh no, ſaid Alexander: ſhe would ſentence him again to death, if he were ill: but even were it not the caſe, I am reſolved to keep him. What are her two guineas in compariſon of Favori's affection? We love one another far too well, that we ſhould part from one another.

ther. Alexander certainly was in the right. He would not have reſigned his dog for any crown; and in revenge, his dog would not have quitted him for any prince on earth. He always uſed to follow him, or rather run before, whenever he went out, and play a thouſand antics. After having helped his father in the fields, when Alexander left his ſpade a moment, and ſat down to take his meal, he needed but cry out, hie! hie! and Favori, that moment would neglect his own affairs, come ſcampering to him, ſtand upon his two hind' legs, and while he wagged his tail with pleaſure, take genteely from his lips one half of every mouthful, Alexander had to eat. The little boy had very rarely a whole belly full, yes, ſtill it never made him melancholy, ſince his little Favori was every day affording him new pleaſure.

But, alas, it was not to be long before he underwent a great misfortune. At the end of autumn, he was taken dangerouſly ill. His father ſpent the little money he had got in buying phyſic for him; but his little ſavings were ſoon gone. He recollected then the lady who had offered ſuch a price to come at Favori again. Two guineas, in his ſituation, were to him as much as all the money in the Indies would, perhaps, have been to many others; ſo that he reſolved to ſpeak upon that ſubject to his ſon; but hardly had the father mentioned it, than he began to cry out lamentably,

never, never; and his fever grew conſiderably higher, owing to the agitation this propoſal had produced within him.

He grew worſe from day to day. A dreadful cholic was united with his fever to torment him: he would twiſt about, and roll upon his bed for hours together, in excruciating pain, and utter piercing cries. His little dog, on this, would come up to him, ſtand on his hind legs, and putting the two others on the bed, look at him in a moping manner, juſt as if he would have ſaid: Alas, my ſweet, dear maſter, how I pity you! On his part, Alexander would look wiſhfully, and ſay, whenever he was free enough from pain to ſpeak: My ſweet, dear Favori, I muſt be parted from you, then, alas. I was ſo happy as to ſave your life; but you, upon the other hand, poor little fellow, are unable to ſave mine. With this, he would let fall a ſhower of tears, and Favori would lick them from his burning cheeks.

There was a very merciful rich man that lived near Alexander's cottage, who was told of his diſtreſs. He came to learn if every thing was true, and give the poor ſick boy ſuch ſuccour as he wanted. At the moment of his coming, little Alexander had his head ſupported on his father's arm. The father was extremely ill himſelf; and yet, the ſight of his poor child in ſo much agony, afflicted him a great deal more than any pain he felt himſelf.

His

His arm, as I have ſaid already, was ſupporting the poor little patient's head, while Favori, whoſe two fore paws were on the bed, at one time uttered mournful cries, and at another ſought by twenty different motions to attract his maſter's obſervation.

This affecting picture touched the heart of Mr. Morriſon (the viſitor), who now came in, and was already cloſe to Alexander's bed, before the father ſaw him; and before even Favori could well turn round to bark at his approach: and when the father and the ſon fixed their aſtoniſhed eyes upon him, his, as they obſerved, were full of tears.

In what a diſmal ſituation, my dear friends, ſaid Mr. Morriſon, do I not find you! Alexander, I am told, you have not wherewithal to buy your ſon thoſe comforts his diſorder ſtands in need of. Only for theſe two days paſt, ſaid Alexander, have I been in ſuch a ſituation. I had bread enough till then, for our ſubſiſtence, and a trifle to buy phyſic: but at preſent, I have nothing to diſpoſe of, that my child may be ſupplied, except, indeed, this miſerable bed he lies upon.

Young Alexander, at theſe words, ſtretched out his trembling hand to Favori, and gave a heart-felt ſigh.

Poor child, ſaid Mr. Morriſon, don't be afflicted: I will take care of you. Alexander, added he, addreſſing next his father, this apartment is too cold. Will you entruſt your ſon

to me, that he may have a warmer. Will I, anſwered Alexander, falling at his feet. Yes, ſir, and ſhall for ever thank your goodneſs.

Mr. Morriſon would not permit this poſture, raiſed the old man up, and ſtretched his hand out towards the little Alexander; after which, he left the cottage without ſaying ſo much as a word, intent, as it appeared he was, on making the firſt preparations. In about an hour, there came a ſtout, hale ſervant, who wrapped up the little Alexander in a good warm blanket, and thus brought him to his maſter's houſe. The father walked behind him; and his countenance was ſuch, that hope and joy ſeemed buſy in effacing long imprinted marks of ſorrow. As for Favori, his countenance was not equivocal; he friſked along, and ſometimes had his noſe cocked upward in the air, and ſometimes too his eyes directed towards his maſter, who would every now and then look through an opening in the blanket at him.

Thanks to Mr. Morriſon's benevolence, and the aſſiſtance of a ſkilful doctor, Alexander's illneſs was ſoon checked. Till this, and even afterward, the faithful Favori would cloſely keep him company. It was in vain they ſought to make him quit the apartment, and go out into the fields and meadows for a little air. He ſhowed his maſter's father even no civility, excepting that of going with him to the landing place, whenever he went out of the

the apartment; after which he would turn round upon a ſudden, and re-enter the apartment, friſking round about the bed.

At the concluſion of a fortnight, Alexander was grown well enough to quit his chamber, and go home: his benefactor had been bountiful enough to give him a new ſuit of clothes, ſhirts, ſtockings, ſhoes, and hat. In theſe, it would have been no eaſy matter to diſcern the little Alexander; but his faithful Favori did not miſtake him; and I leave you, my good friends, to judge his raptures, when he once more ſaw his maſter out of doors, and walking. He could now, without reſtraint, and better far than in a chamber, play his gambols.

The firſt word old Alexander uttered on receiving his poor little fellow, was the name of Morriſon. Without this worthy gentleman, ſaid he, I ſhould have loſt you: what reward, then, can you make his goodneſs.

I have thought of that already, father, ſaid young Alexander, but can never tell you; and on that he turned away his head, to hide a tear. What I can give him, you ſhall know to-morrow, added he.

He went betimes to bed, and yet could take no reſt. All night till morning, he did nothing elſe than turn about and ſigh.

Upon the morrow, when his father aſked him how he had reſolved to ſhow his gratitude, the little man had not ſufficient ſtrength of mind to anſwer,

anſwer, otherwiſe than as he ſtood by pointing to his dog.

He put his clothes on, and went out; but with ſo violent an effort, that it was not difficult to ſee how much his courage coſt him. Favori, as uſual, followed. Never had he been ſo friſky as he was that day: he cut ſo many capers, as he went, that every perſon noticed his behaviour, envying the poſſeſſor of ſo elegant a little creature: but by how much Favori was merry, juſt by ſo much Alexander, on the other hand, was ſad. Alas, ſaid he, you would not be ſo happy, did you know you are ſo ſoon to loſe me. Lately, I would rather have expired for want of phyſic, than accept your miſtreſs's two guineas; and at preſent, I muſt give you to another, if I would not be ungrateful for my cure. Ah poor, dear Favori!

Amid theſe ſorrowful reflections, he was come to Mr. Morriſon's. He croſſed the outer court, went up the ſteps, but having reached the door, his heart ſunk in him; yet he took up Favori, and knocked. As ſoon as he was introduced to Mr. Morriſon, he fell down at his feet, and ſaid, but all the while ſobbed lamentably, oh, my worthy ſir, I owe my life and every thing to your compaſſion, and have nothing but my dog to give you for ſuch goodneſs. Look, ſir, I have brought him with me. 'Tis not without pain I give him up,

but

but you would give me much more pain ſhould you refuſe him.

Mr. Morriſon had ſuch a heart as every one ſhould have who would himſelf be happy, and make others happy likewiſe. This ingenuous method of addreſs in Alexander, made him ſmile; and yet he was not touched thereby ſo much, as by the greatneſs of the little fellow's ſacriſice, becauſe he knew the ſtrength of his attachment. He made anſwer, no; my grateful little man. I will not grieve you by refuſing Favori. I take your generous offer, and am paid for every favour done you; but at preſent, being out of one another's debt, let me return him, for the pleaſure I have found in ſeeing you thus grateful.

What, ſir, ſaid the little boy, and could not finiſh.

Yes, my child, ſaid Mr. Morriſon, I am more ſatisfied than you can be, in making you thus happy.

Alexander, who before had been ſo ſorrowful, was now tranſported with his joy. He looked aſtoniſhed at his benefactor, and ſhed tears; but they were tears of pleaſure.

Mr. Morriſon was not content with this firſt benefit beſtowed on Alexander. An employ was vacant in his houſe, he let the father have it, and put out the boy apprentice. Favori lived happy in the family. Ah, frequently would Alexander ſay, and hug him, 'tis to you I

owe

owe my happineſs. He loved him every day ſtill more than he had done on the preceding; and in ſome few years, when any one reſiding in the village, ſpoke of two good friends, the names of *Alexander* and *Favori* were mentioned.

THE

VOLUNTEER RETURNED.

THUS, then, breathes the land again;
And uniting in one ſtrain,
Vanquiſhed and victorious bands,
Tir'd of ſlaught'rous war, ſhake hands.
Peace, with countenance ſerene
Sweetly ſmiling, cheers the ſcene:
While her olive ſhe diſplays,
And no more in bloody frays
Needs thy ſword; but home again
Sends thee to thy native plain,
On a ſteed, whoſe feet all day
Stumble on the weary way.
Child to thy lov'd parents dear,
Now their happineſs draws near;

Since

Since no longer they need dread
Leſt the laurel round thy head
Should to baleful cypreſs turn,
Circling thy funereal urn.
Happy that thou liv'ſt, they ſay,
On the morning of each day,
Grant, good heaven, ere day be done,
Once more we may ſee our ſon.
But day ends, and thou, dear boy,
Com'ſt not to afford them joy.
So, at eve, they wail; and wait
Next day's coming, that with gait
Slow draws near; but creeps away,
Bootleſs as the former day.
Comes, however, home at laſt,
Many a tedious winter paſt,
He they wiſh. The darling boy
Anxious for his parents' joy.
All their ecſtaſy I find
Now exiſting in my mind.
Promiſing young man, my heart
In thy tranſport bears its part.
All thy coming joys I ſhare,
Feel, and to the world declare.
Night with her oblivious ſhade
Still the hemiſphere array'd;
Silence reign'd, and not a ſound
Murmur'd the vaſt concave round.
Avarice' ſelf, whoſe troubled breaſt
Sleeps ſo ſeldom, now had reſt.
Thou alone conceiv'd'ſt it day,
Such thy ſpeed to poſt away!

And up ſpringing from the bed
Where laſt night thou laid'ſt thy head,
In an inn, thy early noiſe
Wakes hoſt, hoſteſs, man, and boys.
Nay, ſir, but the cock, ſays one,
Has not yet his matin ſung.
Matin, cries another, yawning,
Day yet wants an hour of dawning;—
Murmuring to no end, ſince thou
Booted for thy journey now,
Climb'ſt thy courſer, and the ſpur
Plieſt to make his tir'd limbs ſtir,
That at length, with dawn of day,
Mount a ſummit on the way.
Eager there thou look'ſt around
O'er the ſpacious tract of ground,
Anxious the dear ſcene to view
Where thy earlieſt breath thou drew.
All the lengthen'd ſpace, between
Where thou ſtand'ſt and that dear ſcene,
(Travel only for an hour,)
Wouldſt thou in thy mind devour;
And the interval compute
Such as with thy wiſh would ſuit.
In idea, far aloof
Riſes thy paternal roof;
But drawn nearer now, thy mind
Other roofs ſees riſe behind.
Thus Telemachus, what time
Roſe in thought his native clime,
Fancied he could ſee the ſhore
Still change place, and flee before.

But

But at length yon pine, that ſhrouds
Proudly its tall head in clouds.
Why doſt thou regard it ſo?
Yes, thou crieſt; that pine I know,
Know it nigh my father's door,
Know my travel's now nigh o'er.
At the ſight, my ſpirits bound,
Joy within me drives them round.
Pleaſure's grateful tear I feel,
Down my cheeks, delightful ſteal.
This is now no empty ſcene:
Charming hills! ſweet vales between!
Fields, groves, meads, and every tree
Round our cot, I ſoon ſhall ſee!
Neither did thy diſtant view,
Aught belie, as near thou drew.
Since what erſt, thy aching eye
Sent before thee could ſcarce ſpie,
Such as weather-cock and ſpire,
Manſion turret of the ſquire,
Fields, and ev'ry object too,
Near thy cot, roſe full in view.
What new joys exceeding thoſe,
That before within thee roſe,
Did not to thy filial heart
This aſſurance then impart.
There thy birth, thrice favour'd boy,
Gave thy parents heart-felt joy.
There, of both the guardian hand
Safe thro' ſnares, a num'rous band,
Train'd thee to each virtuous deed,
Always ready at thy need.

There, ſince that now diſtant day,
When thou went'ſt in arms away,
Has their love from firſt to laſt,
Summ'd the moments as they paſt.
There too, anxious now they burn,
Waiting thy long-wiſh'd return.
Nor does only thy pleas'd eye,
Scenes thy cottage round, deſcry;
Barb, thy beaſt, remarks them too,
And ſprings on with ardour new.
Now thou paſſeſt thro' the town,
Ey'd by many a gaping clown,
That each other chearful tell
Who thou art, and wiſh thee well.
Thou, to ev'ry word thus heard,
Anſwer'ſt not a ſingle word;
But, on the ſucceeding day,
Will their wiſh, with thine repay.
In a room of their abode,
Built by rule of ancient mode,
Large, and not as now deſigned,
Only for an air confined,
Sit thy parents, in a wide
Circle, by a good fire ſide.
Buſy, at their needle, chat
Wife and child of this and that.
Huſband, fronting; and with him,
Friends, that led by chance or whim,
Occupied in ſage debate,
Talk of king, and church, and ſtate;
Talk of taxes manifold;
Talk of weather hot and cold;

Talk of ſon too; till a cry
Makes them to the window fly.
Yes; exclaims the ancient pair,
Yes, 'tis he! our ſon! 'tis Clare.
So the reſt; and with a ſhout
Ruſh to meet him while without.
Firſt thy ſiſter: Is't then he?
Brother, cried ſhe out, I ſee?
Thee, ſaid then thy parents too,
Is it, that thus ſafe we view?
Ah, thy name but now, dear ſon,
Was, as always, on our tongue;
And we fear'd,—but let that fear
Vaniſh, ſince at length thou'rt here,
Five long years! and all that time
Diſtant from thy native clime!
Diſtant, likewiſe, from our ſight!—
But my place thou fill'dſt in ſight.
And thy life, full well I knew,
To thy country's weal was due.
At theſe words, a bluſhful grace
Overſpread thy glowing face;
Fierce thine eye, as his who fills
With loud war, the Thracian hills.
And yet gentle as thy ſire's,
His whoſe heart ſoft love inſpires.
While the good old man, thus bleſt,
Claſps thee to his throbbing breaſt;
And thy heart, with joy elate,
Feels againſt his, palpitate.
In her arms, thy mother, too,
Claſps thee, weeps, and ſmiles anew;

And much fears ſhe ought to deem
All the preſent a vain dream.
Friends and neighbours all draw near,
Fill with compliments thy ear;
Round thee, with affection, fling
Their fond arms, and lead thee in.
But thy ſiſter, moſt of all,
Ardent to obey love's call,
Ruſhes forward with a bound;
Claſps thy hand, and folds thee round.
Brother dear of mine, ſays ſhe,
How days differ now, I ſee!
Yeſterday, I know how ſad
Seem'd I, while to-day I'm glad.
Art thou tir'd? and love's bright flame,
Burns it in thy heart the ſame?
Why, whilſt abſent, uſe not then
Oftener than thou didſt thy pen?
Thus all writing to forego!
And to me that lov'd thee ſo!
Was that well? Yet be not ſad,
Now that thy dear ſiſter's glad.
Laſt comes in the ſerving man,
He who, when thy years began,
Often carried thee about,
Never tired, the day throughout.
Joy proclaims on both his cheeks
Half his meaning, e'er he ſpeaks.
What, good heavens! and can it be?
My young maſter! Is this he?
Oh how tall he is! and how
Manly looks his poliſh'd brow!

But how ſhort, and of a mien
Boyiſh, when at home laſt ſeen!
Bleſs'd be heaven that ſends him home,
Safe at laſt, no more to roam!
How delightful to behold
Looks he in his red and gold!
What delight muſt madam find,
Riſe in her maternal mind!
And I too!
Delightful bands!
Frienſhip! love! and native land's!
Ne'er may ſuch as ſcorn you, know
One enjoyment you beſtow.
With unlimited controul
Govern ye my inmoſt ſoul.
To my breaſt, a wretch unknown,
Be the man that does not own
Tranſports animate his frame,
When he hears his mother's name;
From whoſe eye no tear deſcends,
When he folds long abſent friends,
And who doom'd for years to roam
Far from his parental home,
Feels no inward joy enſue,
When to greet his outward view,
As he journeys on the road,
Riſes his deſir'd abode.

CHARITY PERFORMED IN SECRET.

To Mrs. **** ******,
of Richmond.

Madam,

WHAT enjoyment have you not procured me, in diſtributing your charity, by my unworthy means, to that poor family at T—— you were deſirous to relieve. Enjoyment, ſatisfaction, happineſs, and every other ſweet ſenſation of the ſoul ſurround and penetrate me. It is therefore very juſt, dear madam, I ſhould make you a partaker with me, by deſcribing what accompanied the diſtribution of your charity among the poor forſaken individuals of this wretched family. But is it poſſible? not ſo, but that the ſcene deſcribed inevitably muſt fall ſhort of the original. It will, however, yield ſome pleaſure, though that pleaſure loſes much in the deſcription; but deficient as it is, you have a right thereto, and 'tis as follows:

Being come to T——, I went that moment to the cottage, where this object of your bounty

bounty lives, or rather languiſhes; for his exiſtence cannot ſurely be called life. I found him ſitting at his garden door, in ſuch a ſituation that the ſun might ſhine upon him; for he told me, while we were employed in converſation with each other, he could ſcarcely keep up any ſort of warmth within him. By his chair, there were two crutches, and the bible lay wide open on his knee, in which he had been reading, as he told me, part of Job: one leg was covered with a roll of cloth; the other had a thick yarn ſtocking on it. I informed him, I was come with money for him from a charitable lady, who would not be known; but *that*, I added will not leſſen the relief ſhe ſends you, 'tis ten guineas: take them, good old man, ſaid I, and may God's bleſſing render them as ſerviceable, as your benefactreſs wiſhes they may be.

The old man took the money, with a look expreſſive of aſtoniſhment and joy: it was, methought, as if the ſun had let in day upon the world, at midnight; ſuch was his ſurpriſe! I do not undertake to ſhow it you in words, becauſe impoſſible. I only tell you, that at laſt, when he had teſtified his joy and gratitude in twenty ways, he bleſſed your name, and went ſo far as to compare you to that God who had inſpired your boſom with a wiſh of being ſerviceable to him and his children. She is verily like God, ſaid he; ſhe does me good, and is unſeen.

I paſs

I paſs to a deſcription of our converſation. Already I have told you, he had juſt before been reading in the book of Job. It furniſhed matter for me to go on with, after I had finiſhed on the ſubject of your charity. I know the whole by heart, or nearly ſo, ſaid he; becauſe I always read it, ſince it comforts me. A neighbour here laſt winter lent me a much larger printed book, but then, I did not like it half ſo well, and gave it back. How long, my friend, ſaid I, may you have loſt your wife?

The OLD MAN. Full ſix-and-thirty years ago.

MYSELF. How old, at that time, were your children? (I forgot to tell you, madam, he has three.)

The OLD MAN. Nanny, who was youngeſt, might be eighteen months, or thereabouts. Margaret was at leaſt three years; and Charlotte five.

MYSELF. And how did you contrive to bring up theſe three children, after their poor mother's death?

The OLD MAN. I found it very difficult indeed.

MYSELF. You did not let them go a begging?

The OLD MAN. Let them go a begging! God forbid.

MYSELF. Nor did you ſend them to the workhouſe, I ſuppoſe?

The

The OLD MAN. No, never. Yet my neighbours bade me do ſo. Thoſe, for whom I worked were very often uſed to ſay; but, William, how will you bring up thoſe three poor children with no other money than your eight pence every day? Take our advice, and let the pariſh have them. Send them to the workhouſe. Well, then, I will ſend them to the workhouſe, anſwered I; and on the evening of the day I firſt took up this reſolution, coming home from work, I whiſpered to myſelf, as I remember, almoſt all the way: and is it true then that neceſſity obliges me to ſend my children to the workhouſe? upon which, in conſequence of pondering it ſo often, I could not refrain from tears. When I was got in doors, the three poor children came up running to me, and inquired why I was crying. In the mean time, I ſat down; I took them up in turn upon my knee; I kiſſed them, and ſaid after to myſelf: And which of theſe poor things ſhall I ſend firſt away? I burſt out into tears a ſecond time, and did not ſend them.

MYSELF. And where, pray, are all theſe children? I ſee only one.

The OLD MAN. Yes, Nanny: it is now her turn, poor child! to wait upon me.

MYSELF. How her turn?

The OLD MAN. Yes, ſir; for ſince I cannot pay a ſervant for attending on me, and ſhould die for want of help, if I were left alone, they take it in their turn to live with me, the

ſpace

ſpace of four months each; and when their four months are expired, go back again to ſervice.

MYSELF. You ſhould die for want of help, you ſay: and have you any bodily diſtemper then?

The OLD MAN. Alas, ſir, many: and the leaſt of all, an accident that happened twenty years ago to my right arm. A waggon ſome how or another threw me down, and, as you ſee, paſſed over both my arm and hand; of which, it cruſhed the bones, and mangled my right cheek. *(The old man here puſhed up his woollen cap, and ſhowed the place.)*

MYSELF. Poor man!

The OLD MAN. But this I could ſubmit to, were it not that I am grievouſly tormented with the ſtone, which, not to mention the intolerable agony it puts me to, is the occaſion of a deal of pain and trouble to my poor dear children, who are often forced, and even in the winter ſeaſon, to get up ſix, ſeven, nay, eight times in the night, that they may help me. Then, as I have ſaid already, I can hardly keep the leaſt degree of warmth within me, ſo that every night in winter, even had I not the ſtone, my daughters muſt get up to put a flint made hot among the embers every thirty minutes to my feet, and change it for another, when grown cold. Oh, I aſſure you, ſir, I give them all a deal of trouble, which I cannot help.

MYSELF. You tell me very patiently what miſery

miſery you endure: but I hear you, not without ſome motion. I am very ſorry 'tis not in my power to help you with advice; but if you chuſe it, I will pay a doctor to attend, and ſee what ſervice he can do you.

The OLD MAN. No, no; thank you, my dear gentleman, but I am now too old. Beſides, 'tis God has ordered me all theſe misfortunes; if he pleaſes, after all, I ſhould get well again, no doubt but he will cure me without any doctor's aid.

MYSELF. But ſure you cannot think God orders us to make no uſe of doctors! On the other hand, whenever they preſcribe a remedy, if it reſtores the patient to his health, God's bleſſing has been firſt of all beſtowed upon it.

The OLD MAN. Yes; I underſtand that matter as you do: but certainly, if God deſigned I ſhould be cured, he would perform that cure himſelf; for ſince he meant I ſhould not die of hunger, did he not think fit to ſend you hither with your friend, that bleſſed lady's charity.

And here our converſation ended: let me therefore, my dear madam, aſk you, if theſe parting words were not equivalent to all the money you beſtowed, and highly worth the pains it coſt me, in conveying it from Richmond to the poor man's habitation.

When I left him, it was not without informing him, that poſſibly your charity might ſtill, upon occaſions, be extended to him. Having got

got to my apartment, I indulged a train of thoughts upon beneficence, of which I mean to give you a detail, as what your generous nature will be pleaſed with.

I conceived myſelf diſpoſed to charity much more in conſequence of having been your meſſenger upon this charitable buſineſs than before I thought I was. It is not always reaſoning on this virtue, thought I to myſelf, makes men beneficent. We never have a greater wiſh to give, than when we are employed in giving. Let us honour human nature neither more nor leſs than it deſerves; but let our judgement be impartial; and depend upon it, madam, we ſhall ſee that vice and virtue both obtain admiſſion to the heart, through that propenſity we have towards imitation of whatever we ſee done. For inſtance; the firſt time a man gets into any tippling houſe, he is not then a drunkard; but he drinks, firſt moderately, afterwards immoderately, and ſoon grows fond of liquor. It is juſt ſo likewiſe with benevolence. When, for the firſt time, we have ſipped her cup, the liquor ſeems ſo ſweet, that we would wiſh to be at all times drinking of it. And what pity, madam, that as many as are tired of every worldly pleaſure, do not, like yourſelf, try this. Satiety and loathing never would attend it: and beſides, it is not ruinous. Remorſe of conſcience always coſts us much more money than the bleſſings of a family preſerved from miſery would.

I know

I know you turn all circumſtances to the inſtruction of thoſe lovely children Providence has bleſſed you with. Let me then, in my humble way, co-operate, dear madam, with your mother-like intention; and forgive my forwardneſs, if I deſire you to read over this epiſtle to them. Carefully examine the impreſſion it ſhall make upon them: if they enter properly into the ſpirit of it, 'tis a ſign they will be worthy of you. And whilſt now I am upon the ſubject of your children, I will take the freedom of informing you what obſervation I have made, for ſome time paſt, upon the governeſſes's manner of inſtructing them. I have remarked, that to improve their memory, ſhe makes them learn from day to day choice extracts from good authors, but ſuppoſes it unneceſſary to improve their inclination to beneficence. For this, ſhe counts too much upon their diſpoſition, and the force of your example. Both are very excellent indeed: but, madam, actions of beneficence, proceeding from themſelves, would be much better: and of this, I am ſo well convinced, that were I but a country parſon, I would not be ſatisfied with preaching up beneficence, but do much more: I would promote, by every method, in my pariſh, a ſubſcription for providing bread and other wholeſome food to give the poor; and on a Sunday, after ſermon, give the little ones among my congregation each a baſket, and employ them in diſtributing this bread, &c.; ſuch I

mean as ſhould have pleaſed me moſt by their behaviour: but the reſt ſhould have no baſket.

Be aſſured, dear madam, that a ſet of men and women thus habituated in their infancy, for twelve or fourteen years, would bring forth noble fruit for half a century: and then one generation would inſtruct another. It is now high time to cloſe my letter, that is written after my arrival at an inn.

I am, dear madam,
Your's, &c.
M. A. M.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS TAUGHT MERCY.

A tutor in the family of Mrs. Harriſon appears, and has the little pupil, Philip, in his arms; but Philip ſtruggles, ſo that he is forced to put him down, and reſt for breath.

The TUTOR.

AH, ah! you little monſter! you are at your tricks again then, are you? Oh, you muſt not fancy the correction I have given you half enough for ſuch a crime; but your mama ſhall

ſhall know how merciful you are, and puniſh you herſelf too.

PHILIP *(crying.)* Pray forgive me, ſir, this once, and I will never do the like again. Don't tell mama.

The TUTOR. Don't tell her! All the houſe already knows it. Your mama would learn it from another, and in that caſe fancy I encouraged you in ſuch a cruel diſpoſition, by concealing your barbarity. No, no, ſir; ſhe muſt know it, and this inſtant.

PHILIP. Well then; no one ſaw me do it. I will ſay, the cat had got upon the table in my room, and run her face againſt a lighted piece of paper in my hand; and that the maid, who heard the cat, came up and told her fellow ſervants it was I had hurt her for the purpoſe.

The TUTOR. For the purpoſe! So you did.

PHILIP. But I can make mama believe the whole was puſſy's doing, as I juſt now mentioned.

The TUTOR. Oh, fine talking! your mama will not believe you quite ſo eaſily as you imagine. She is well acquainted with your tricks, and knows that not a creature in the houſe can 'ſcape your cruelty: if you get hold of any of them, they are ſure to ſuffer. You will do them all the harm you can.

PHILIP. Well, ſir; but have I done you any harm? Why then ſhould you deſire to do me any? You have puniſhed me yourſelf, and

would you have mama too do the ſame? You ought to call that cruelty, I think: beſides, it was not from a cruel diſpoſition I burnt puſſy's whiſkers off. I only wiſhed to ſee how funny ſhe would look without them.

The TUTOR. Funny! So you call it funny then, to ſee a creature ſuffer pain? Beſides, to ſingle out Miſs Helen's cat for ſuch a purpoſe, who, you muſt remember, loves the little thing ſo much!

PHILIP. Oh, you love my ſiſter better than you do the cat; and better too than me, and therefore you are angry with me.

The TUTOR. You ſhall ſee what your mama will ſay, when I have told her. She, I fancy, loves you.

PHILIP. But why tell her? Pray, ſir, for this once, forgive me. I will never do the like again; and as I ſaid before, you have already beat me. Sure one puniſhment will do for one offence:——

The TUTOR. And then too, there's your friend, who means to viſit your mama this morning: he has ſent a letter, ſignifying he will come in half an hour at fartheſt: what will he ſay to you?

PHILIP. What, indeed? and therefore I have greater reaſon to deſire you would forgive me, and not mention every thing you know. Pray do; forgive me, and don't let me loſe my friend: he never will be brought to look again upon me.

The

The TUTOR. Well then, ſince the miſchief is now done, and as already I have puniſhed you,——

PHILIP. And as I promiſe I will never do the like again.

The TUTOR. Yes, yes, on theſe conſiderations; therefore I will ſoften the affair as much as can be done, when your mama appears: but mind you, this once only.

PHILIP. Yes, ſir; this once only. If I ever——

The TUTOR. Huſh! here your mama is coming.

Mrs. HARRISON *(entering with a bunch of rods.)* Where can this abominable little wretch of mine be got to?—Oh, ſir, you are here! Well, you have been again, they tell me, at your tricks!

PHILIP. Mama, it was not I that burnt the cat. I had a piece of paper in my hand on fire, the cat was on the table, and ſhe ran her noſe againſt it. Aſk my Tutor if I tell a ſtory.

The TUTOR. I muſt ſay indeed, good madam, that the matter is by no means certain. He will have it, that the cat was on the table playing, I ſuppoſe, as any other cat ſo young would do. Mahogany, you know, is very ſlippery. So 'tis not impoſſible but ſhe might run againſt the lighted paper, as he tells you.

PHILIP. Yes, 'tis not impoſſible, but ſhe might run her noſe againſt the lighted paper.

So I told you; and my Tutor knows the whole affair you ſee.

The TUTOR. In ſhort, I cannot think he could have been ſo wicked as to burn the cat on purpoſe.

Mrs. HARRISON. And why not? when his unluckineſs ſo often——

The TUTOR. Yes, indeed, he has been frequently unlucky, I muſt ſay: but there is ſtill a deal of difference; for reſpecting his preceding tricks, ſuch as his going up to the balcony with a fiſhing line, and pulling off the people's wigs, and ſtrewing peas upon the ſtairs to fling folks down, with half a ſcore ſuch pranks;—all theſe are merely wantonneſſes; but to burn on purpoſe a poor little kitten, is a piece of ſuch deliberate cruelty, that I cannot think he would be guilty of it; therefore——

Mrs. HARRISON. I have heard you patiently; but am not in the leaſt perſuaded: On the other hand, I muſt inform you, my good friend, your kindneſs is ingenious to excuſe him upon all occaſions, and *that* only makes him worſe. *(To Philip.)* So get you up this moment to your chamber. I will come and puniſh you as you deſerve.

PHILIP. Pray, pray, my dear Mama! Upon my word and honour,——

Mrs. HARRISON. Get you gone, I ſay, before I—Get you gone. *(The Tutor takes his Pupil out.)*

Mrs. HARRISON *(alone.)* How plaguing are

are theſe children!—Every day, and all day long, ſome matter or another happening!

The VISITOR *(already mentioned by the Tutor entering; Mrs. Harriſon lays down the rod.)* Ah, my dear, good lady! I am glad to ſee you.

Mrs. HARRISON. And I you, believe me. Well, and how do all our friends in London? Mrs. Robſon, and the lovely little Ann particularly?

The VISITOR. All in health and ſpirits. And your's likewiſe? I was anxious to get down: the recollection of the pleaſure I enjoyed laſt Summer with you, made me come the ſooner.

Mrs. HARRISON. Sir, you could not come too ſoon; and every thing is ready for you. On examination, you will find, in your apartment, things have been diſplaced no farther than was neceſſary to keep matters wholeſome. Even your two little ſparrows are as well as ever.

The VISITOR. And as tame; as that is what I keep them for: but, madam, when I entered you were armed. You made me think of Jupiter, as he is repreſented with his thunder. But what crime were you about to puniſh? Poſſibly your little Hercules, to whom you would preſcribe ſome labours?—But why ſo? You have not ſurely the ſame reaſons as the vengeful Juno had, to puniſh him.

Mrs. HARRISON. My little Hercules, as you are pleaſed to call him, every day grows more

and

and more unlucky. He is always teizing every animal about the houſe he can lay hold of; and juſt now, he burnt a little kitten's whiſkers off belonging to his ſiſter. I am vexed to death at his behaviour.

The VISITOR. But why vexed? That little hero exerciſes, very poſſibly, his ſtrength upon domeſtic animals, that in the ſequel, after Hercules's great example, he may rid the country of thoſe monſters that are deſtined to attack it.

Mrs. HARRISON. Oh, a truce, ſir, to your poetry, and heathen ſtuff; and enter rather into an afflicted mother's ſituation, who diſcovers in her child, at ſuch a tender age, this unaccountable propenſity to cruel actions; which, if not corrected, may have dreadful conſequences.

The VISITOR. Oh, ſince you conſider things in ſuch a ſerious manner, I muſt ſee if I have not the ingenuity to hit upon ſome plan of conduct that will give you conſolation. Philip is, as yet, ſo young, he does not know what good and evil are. You ought to teach him then; but not as generally is the cuſtom, under pain of puniſhment inflicted on his body; but by ſpeaking to his underſtanding, without rods or menaces.

Mrs. HARRISON. Without them? I am tired of exhortations: they have no effect upon him.

The VISITOR. Neither is it exhortations Philip wants; but ſomething of a very different kind. Examples, madam, drawn from nature.

Yes,

Yes, examples are what children want. Their little underſtandings conſtantly retain much better what they ſee, than what they may be told of.

Mrs. HARRISON. This indeed is not to be diſputed: what then ſhall I do? You talk ſo ſenſibly, I ſhall rejoice to be your ſcholar.

The VISITOR. I have hatched a thought, and would you think it, thoſe two ſparrows, you juſt ſpoke of, are concerned therein: if I ſucceed, I ſhall be glad to think I have begun my ſummering with you ſo ſucceſsfully. Theſe ſparrows, though they ſhould have loſt a little of the habit I had brought them to before I went away laſt autumn, are yet tame enough to furniſh me the means of waking in the heart of your unlucky little man a powerful ſenſibility for all dumb creatures; for that ſenſibility, I cannot but perſuade myſelf he is poſſeſſed of, though it has not yet had time enough to ſhow itſelf in action.

Mrs. HARRISON. Ah, my dear, good ſir, go on; or let me know, at leaſt, what your deſign is.

The VISITOR. I will go up ſtairs, (I think I know the way) to fetch my ſparrows, and inſtruct your ſervant in the nature of my project; ſo that they may fly into the room here through the window, juſt as if they came themſelves. When I am gone, do you ſend ſome one to bring down the little boy. I ſhall be back again immediately. You will perceive at once

'tis

'tis neceſſary you ſhould give into my ſcheme, that it may take effect on Philip: and the conſequence, I hope, will ſhow you he is not ſo wicked as his tutor poſſibly may repreſent him; who, himſelf, perhaps knows nothing of the way by which he ought to educate a child of ſuch vivacity as yours. Be quick then, and ſend for him; ſo that I may find him here at my return.

Mrs. HARRISON. Go, go; and I will ring the bell to have him. *(The Viſitor goes out, and Mrs. Harriſon continues ſpeaking to a ſervant at the entrance.)* Bring the child down ſtairs. I want him; but without his tutor. *(Returning to the table.)* What a deal of care the education of young children coſts one! How much are not parents to be pitied, who do every thing they can to train them up in virtue, and in ſpite of all the attention in their power, ſo frequently are diſappointed. *(To Philip entering.)* Well, ſir, are you ſorry for the cruelty you have committed in thus treating a poor little animal, that never did you any harm?

PHILIP. But—I aſſure you—dear mama—

Mrs. HARRISON. I know it all, ſir: therefore do not think of telling ſtories any longer, or concealing your offence, however heinous, by another, which, be certain, I ſhould find it much more difficult to pardon.

PHILIP. Well then, dear mama, if this time only you forgive me, I will never do the like again—Indeed I will not.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARRISON. Should you ever——*(She is interrupted by the viſitor's appearing.)*——But here comes your friend, who, at the moment he firſt comes into the room, is to be treated with your crying. Ah, ſir, I would riſe and welcome you on your arrival; but am ſo diſtreſſed, I know not what I do.

The VISITOR. I ſee it plainly; and on that account do I myſelf forbear all ceremony on my entrance. What may be the matter? I ſhould think you angry with my little friend.

Mrs. HARRISON. Ah, ſir, your little friend has ſhown himſelf a cruel monſter,—that——

PHILIP *(Aſide to his mother)* Oh, pray, mama, don't tell him any thing: he would not love me for the future half ſo much as he has done.

Mrs. HARRISON *(To Philip.)* Yes, yes, ſir; for your puniſhment I muſt inform him of the whole affair. *(To the Viſitor.)* What would you think, ſir, of a child who had the cruelty to ſinge a little kitten's face, that never did him any harm, and burn off both her whiſkers?

The VISITOR. I would ſay, he could not know how great a cruelty he was committing; or provided he did know it, I ſhould think him nothing but a monſter every one ſhould run away from.

(Here a ſervant is diſcovered through the window getting up a ladder, with a cage in one hand. He takes out a ſparrow, which he has in readi-

readineſs, upon a token from the owner, to let fly into the room.)

Mrs. HARRISON. Do you hear that, Philip?

PHILIP. Yes, mama; and I am very ſorry for it. Pray forgive me, ſir.

The VISITOR. If your mama forgives you, I ſhall certainly do ſo: but if at any time I hear the like again.

PHILIP. Oh, you never ſhall, ſir, I promiſe you.

The VISITOR. If you ſhould break your word, I muſt deſpiſe you. *(The ſervant on a token lets the bird go, and it flies into the room.)*

PHILIP *(ſeeing it fly round the room.)* Oh, a bird! a bird!—Mama, a bird! *(running after it.)* Pray catch it for me, ſir.—Here, here it is.—Quick! quick!

The VISITOR. I have it.

PHILIP. Give it me, ſir, will you?

Mrs. HARRISON. No, don't let him have it. He would kill it very ſoon.

The VISITOR. Indeed? Do you believe ſo, madam? I, for my part, think he would not do it any harm.

PPILIP. No, no, indeed, I will not: do pray let me have it.

The VISITOR. There it is, my little man—But tell me what will you do with it?

PHILIP. I will give it victuals; and then put it in a cage, and take it out again; and hug and kiſs it all day long, and hold it in both hands.——See; thus, ſir.

The

The VISITOR. Yes, yes, in both hands. So too, I ſay! And thus, in very fondneſs for the little creature, you will not give over, till you kill it. Should you keep it in your hand, it would be dead before to-morrow. Look you, my good little Philip, you can do much better with this bird than keep it; and provided you conſent to do it, I ſhall know you have a generous, tender, and compaſſionating heart.

PHILIP. And what, ſir?

The VISITOR. Hear me. This poor little bird, like you, may have a father and a mother, who are in ſome neſt about the garden.

PHILIP. Well?

The VISITOR. If you ſhould keep him here, they will ſuppoſe him loſt or killed at night, when he would otherwiſe have certainly come home. And who can tell but they are ill; in which caſe, they muſt be in want of food, and are expecting the return of their dear child with ſome to ſatisfy their hunger. Truſt me therefore, my good man, when I inform you, it will be much better to releaſe this fluttering little thing, than make both him and his poor parents miſerable. Were you in his place, would you not really rejoice, if any little boy would do the ſame for you.

PHILIP. Yes, yes; but,—he is very pretty: —and I ſhould be quite delighted if,—or ſtay a little,—Truly, I believe, ſir, you are in the right.—And ſo, mama, I'll let him go.—His

pa' and ma' will both be very happy:—will they not, mama, at ſeeing him come home?

Mrs. HARRISON. They will ſo, my dear child:—and I too ſhall be happy if you have that generoſity.

PHILIP *(going to the window with the bird, and letting it fly out.)* Well then, mama——Ah! ah!—the little creature!—there he goes!

The VISITOR. Well done, my little friend. And now inform me if you do not feel a certain ſatisfaction in your heart, a certain pleaſure that accompanies the doing any generous action?—Such a pleaſure as you did not certainly experience, when you burnt the little kitten's whiſkers?

PHILIP. Yes, I do indeed: yes, I aſſure you, my good friend; for this poor little bird, as I ſuppoſe, will go and tell his pa' and ma' about me, and inform them, how I let him go when he was frightened, and perhaps imagined I ſhould kill him.

The VISITOR. Very likely he will do all this. Nay, I have got a notion in my head, that either one or other will come here, and thank you for the kindneſs you have ſhewn them, in reſtoring their beloved young one to his liberty; when, on the other hand, you might have killed him, juſt as well as twenty wicked children would have done.

PHILIP. Come here and thank me? Do you really believe ſo? Well! I ſhould be glad of ſuch a viſit! .... Very glad indeed!—and

it

it would cure me for the time to come of hurting any little bird whatever.

The VISITOR. Yes; and—*(He gives his token, and the ſervant at the window let his other ſparrow fly into the room.)* But ſee there!—there! there! juſt as I mentioned!—Look you! 'Tis the father, or elſe mother, I would lay you any wager, that is come to thank you! Yes, 'tis one of them indeed! it muſt be; though I don't know which—But I ſhall catch him very quickly.

PHILIP. Oh, no, no, ſir: we might hurt him: I am glad *(he jumps about the room for joy)* the little thing is come thus inſtantly to thank me. Should we catch him, his poor child might be uneaſy too in turn.—We muſt not keep him from returning home this moment. He has paid his viſit: has he not, mama?—*(To the ſparrow.)*—Go, pretty little bird. Go home directly to your young ones,—I am glad I let him fly. *(He drives the ſparrow towards the window with his handkerchief.)* Go, go; for you have thanked me quite enough.—Aye, there the little one ſets off. So much the better! I am happier a deal, mama, at preſent, than I ſhould be, had I kept them both.

The VISITOR. Well, madam, you ſee plainly now, your little man is not ſo cruel as you thought him. He wants nothing in the world, but to be taught by means within the reach or compaſs of his underſtanding, how much pleaſure mercy always gives us.

Mrs. HARRISON. Come hither, my dear Philip. Come, and kiſs me. And remember for the time to come, how pleaſed you are at preſent, in the thought of having treated thoſe poor birds with ſo much kindneſs.

PHILIP. Yes, mama: I am convinced, we ſhould treat others in the way we would ourſelves be treated.

THE

GROVE AND AQUEDUCT.

TWO travellers, Lychas and Alexis, were proceeding with their ſacrifice to Delphos, where they meant to offer it. Already they perceived the hill on which Apollo's temple, ornamented with white columns roſe, amid a grove of laurel. Further off, their ſight was loſt on the immenſe expanſion of the ſea. It was about the hour of noon. The ſands they trod on ſcorched their feet; a cloud of burning duſt roſe round about them as they walked, and ſettled on their lips, parched up for want of moiſture. They proceeded in this cheerleſs languor

languor for a weary length of way, but were at laſt encouraged to purſue their journey, by the proſpect of a group of trees. The ſhade they yielded was as ſolemn as the night's; and with a ſacred dread they got into the grove, where they reſpired a charming freſhneſs. The retreat afforded them, at once, whatever could regale their ſenſes; a delicious current of freſh water flowed along, conducted thither by an artificial conduit. Every tree was loaded with a quantity of golden apples; and their trunks were interlaced with eglantine and blackberries.

Oh heavens, began Alexis, what enjoyments in this place! My boſom bleſſes him, whoſe hand firſt planted this ſoft ſhade: and very poſſibly, 'tis here his aſhes have been buried.

Lychas, while his friend was making this ſhort exclamation, had examined every part of the aſylum; and at length, cried out, here is a tomb among theſe honeyſuckles, that ſhoot forth with ſuch luxuriancy, and there are certain characters, if I miſtake not, cut upon it. Poſſibly we ſhall diſcover who was the kind man that condeſcended to provide a ſhelter and refection for the traveller wearied with his journey. Upon that, he put aſide the branches, with his ſtaff, and read what follows:

"Here repoſe the aſhes of Amyntas. His whole life was one continued ſeries of kind actions. Wiſhing to do good, even after his deceaſe, he brought this courſe of water hither,

and ſurrounded it on all ſides with the trees that ſhade you."

Bleſſed be thy aſhes, generous man, exclaimed Alexis, in a tranſport of religious fervour. May thy children, and all thoſe that have ſurvived thee in thy houſe, be bleſſed for ever.

Saying theſe laſt words, they ſaw a female coming towards them. She was young and beautiful, and had a pitcher on her arm, with which ſhe was approaching to draw water. I ſalute you, ſaid the damſel in a gracious manner, you are ſtrangers, and no doubt, exhauſted with the labour of your journey over the dry ſands. Pray tell me, would you wiſh for more refreſhment than this place affords?

We thank you, anſwered Lychas and Alexis, lovely and beneficent young woman. What can we wiſh further than the preſents round about us? The ſweet water of this fountain is ſo pure! theſe fruits are ſo delicious! and this ſhade ſo freſh! We are abſorbed in veneration for the man of bounty who lies here. His goodneſs has prevented every wiſh of weary voyagers. We doubt not you are an inhabitant hard by, and may have known him. While we reſt beneath the ſhade, pray tell us who he was.

At this, the maid put down her pitcher, and began the converſation with a gracious ſmile, as follows:

Since you wiſh to know the ſtory of that bounteous

bounteous man, whoſe aſhes are here laid at reſt, how he conducted hither this pure ſtream, and planted this ſoft ſhade, I will inform you.

He was called Amyntas. To revere the gods and benefit mankind, was his ſupreme delight. Through all this country, there is not a ſhepherd but reveres his memory. There is not one but has ſome inſtance to produce of his integrity or goodneſs, which he dwells upon with tears. In his decline of life, he was accuſtomed to come hither, and ſit down beſide the public way. With affability and goodneſs he ſaluted thoſe that paſſed him, and had conſtantly ſome ſort or other of refreſhment to beſtow upon the way-worn man. One day, as he was meditating, what, ſaid he, if I ſhould plant a grove of fruit trees by this pathway, and bring hither a refreſhing rill? The benefits of ſhade and water, are not nigh this ſpot. I ſhould, in that caſe, be remembered after my deceaſe, and comfort the tired man who faints beneath the mid-day ſun. This project was immediately compleated With his feeble hands, the untiring man brought hither through long windings, this pure ſtream, and planted round about it all theſe fertile trees, whoſe fruit grows ripe at the accuſtomed ſeaſon; but he did not live to ſee them in their vigour lift aloft their tufted branches in the ſpring, or ſink beneath the burden of their fruits in autumn. He beheld, however, their firſt growth, and walked a little while beneath the thriving umbrage,

when

when the gods, that they might recompence the ſooner his beneficence, tranſlated him to glory. In this place we buried his decaying part, that all who ſhall repoſe themſelves, as they are journeying on, may bleſs his aſhes.

At this narrative, both Lychas and Alexis, penetrated with reſpect, fell down upon their knees, and did ſo; ſaying after to the damſel, "This pure ſtream has been delightful to our palate, and the freſhneſs of the ſhade has raiſed our drooping ſpirits; but much more, the tale you have related to us. May the gods bleſs every moment of your life." And full of a religious ſpirit, they went forward to the temple.

THE

THE

UNEXPECTED WEDDING.

A

DRAMA,

IN

THREE ACTS.

THE CHARACTERS.

MR. RIVERS, *a merchant.*

CAROLINE, *his daughter.*

MONEY-TRAP, *her ſuitor.*

HENRY, *Mr. Rivers's clerk.*

FRANKLY, *his father, and a miller,*

THE

UNEXPECTED WEDDING.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An apartment in the houſe of Mr. Rivers.*

MONEY-TRAP, *(ſpeaking to a perſon, who has left him.)*

YOUR humble ſervant, ſir. — I was informed of this before; but ſtill, one cannot aſk too many queſtions. She is one that ſuits me very well; and though the father ſhould but give me down two thouſand on the nail; yet ſtill, as he is very rich, and rather old, one may contrive to wait awhile. *(To Mr. Rivers coming in.)* Good morrow, ſir. And how, pray, have you paſſed the night?

Mr. RIVERS. Not very well. I was at work till late, and could not ſleep, but lay quite reſtleſs; during all which time, as I had nothing elſe to do, I was hard at it, building caſtles in the air.

MONEY-TRAP.

MONEY-TRAP. Aye, always at it; day and night; up and a-bed; this commerce is a troubleſome affair.

Mr. RIVERS. But for one's family one cannot do too much: however, I will candidly confeſs, I am ſo much of your opinion, that when once my daughter is well ſettled in the world, I will repoſe.

MONEY-TRAP. Yes, yes; that is but juſt: and let me ſay, it reſts with you alone to have her ſettled. My intentions, you are not a ſtranger to; my only wiſh is, to receive her hand as ſoon as poſſible.

Mr. RIVERS. I know it well enough; and ſhe expects to have you for her huſband, ſince I gave you, as they ſay, the freedom of my houſe.

MONEY-TRAP. Then, all we have to do, ſir, is to fix the day that makes me happy.

Mr. RIVERS. We muſt, firſt of all, diſpatch the writings. *Apropos*, your lawyer told me yeſterday, of ſomething you had added to the ſchedule of your property.

MONEY-TRAP *(ſeemingly indifferent.)* But I did not bid him ſpeak to you about it.

Mr. RIVERS. Did, or did not: I take nothing of that kind amiſs. It is but juſtice every one ſhould name his terms. A handſome girl has always ſweethearts in abundance; but a fortune only will provide her with a proper huſband. I repeat it, therefore, nothing has diſpleaſed me in the leaſt; there is, however,

one

one condition I muſt be ſo bold as to inſiſt on; and, indeed, beforehand, I am certain you will grant it.

MONEY-TRAP *(uneaſy.)* You are certain.—To be ſure you know me.—Is it then of any conſequence?

Mr. RIVERS. The greateſt: therefore, you muſt promiſe on your honour to fulfil it.

MONEY-TRAP *(aſide.)* I am really all over in a tremble! Does he mean to have the fortune back, if he ſhould die? *(Aloud.)* Well, pray what is it?

Mr. RIVERS. That you do whatever you are able, ſo that all her life ſhe may be happy.

MONEY-TRAP. Is that all; *(aſide.)* I breathe again. *(Aloud.)* Yes, yes; rely on me for that.

Mr. RIVERS. I do rely upon you; as a proof of which, though Caroline has been from ſchool theſe three years, and had many offers, you alone have been attended to by me.

MONEY-TRAP. And I perſuade myſelf, you never could have met with a ſincerer lover.

Mr. RIVERS. So ſincere, that I believe you would be glad to marry her, even though I were without a penny in the world to give her.

MONEY-TRAP *(aſide.)* What the deuce does this mean? I am got on thorns again! *(Aloud)* Ah, ſir, you judge of my diſintereſtedneſs, indeed, as I deſerve.

Mr. RIVERS. Then, look you; I will

mention what I mean to give her.—Hear me.

MONEY-TRAP *(very attentive.)* I muſt hear you, ſince you make me.

Mr. RIVERS. But, ſuppoſing you had rather, I will tell your lawyer.

MONEY-TRAP. No, no, no; as we are now together, and upon the ſubject, 'tis my duty to hear you. I muſt acknowledge, I am little ſkilled in matters of this nature.

Mr. RIVERS. Why, then, would you not prefer my talking to your lawyer?

MONEY-TRAP. For my own part, I ſhould like to do ſo: but what notions, would not my behaviour give you, ſhould I not deſire to hear from you, ſir, rather than another, thoſe paternal tenders you deſign to make? Your generoſity,—

Mr. RIVERS. One is not generous to one's child; one is but juſt, It has been always my intention to inſure the happineſs of Caroline, and him ſhe marries. In the firſt place, then, I am to tell you, what I give will be in ready money. Nothing can be more convenient to a huſband than this ready money; he does any thing he pleaſes with it.

MONEY-TRAP. Oh yes, yes, indeed. You ſpeak ſo ſenſibly, that when I am your ſon-in-law, I ſhall be happy to deſire and follow your advice on all occaſions.

Mr. RIVERS. Not at all. You muſt conduct yourſelf as you think fit. Upon the day before your wedding, I ſhall pay you down the

the money; and what follows is your own affair. I promiſe, I will never interfere between you afterwards.

FRANKLY *(the miller entering, in coarſe clothes, large ſleeves, and a prodigious hat.)* Sir, ſir.

MONEY-TRAP *(aſide.)* Plague take the fellow! I was going to know every thing.

FRANKLY. Will you permit your ſervant, ſir, to pay you his reſpects?

Mr. RIVERS. Good morrow.

MONEY-TRAP *(aſide.)* To break in upon us thus! I wiſh he were at Jericho!

FRANKLY. I interrupt you, ſir?

Mr. RIVERS. No, not at all: you are an old acquaintance; a good-hearted fellow, that I alway ſee with pleaſure.—We will finiſh the affair, dear Money-trap, immediately: and now I think upon it, ſomething I deſigned to ſay, requires the appearance of a certain perſon: you know who.—Go in, and talk a little with her; I will follow in an inſtant.

MONEY-TRAP. Do you give me leave, ſir?

Mr. RIVERS. Do I give you leave? a pretty qneſtion, truly! Go. *(Money-trap goes out.)* And now, my good friend Frankly, what may be the news with you? what are you looking for?

FRANKLY. As uſual, for your bill, as I am going on my travels, or a money hunting, as they ſay.

Mr. RIVERS. But, if I were to bid you call again?

FRANKLY. That would but be like too many others; for, at preſent, money is not to be had.

Mr. RIVERS. And have you many debtors? —You?

FRANKLY. What will you ſay, ſir, when I tell you, that excepting ſix or ſeven of my oldeſt cuſtomers, none pay me without twenty puttings off? And, I have here a liſt, look, ſir, would make you bleſs yourſelf.

Mr. RIVERS. But, how can any one expect to have a miller give him credit? I could never have believed it.

FRANKLY. You appear aſtoniſhed, but will ſtill be more ſo, when I tell there are ſome among my cuſtomers, and thoſe too, riding in their carriages, who, if I had but money, and would lend them ſome, would call me their dear friend.

Mr. RIVERS. Have no ſuch friends. I wiſh you had a better buſineſs, my dear Frankly. You are ſuch a worthy man! Or rather, I could wiſh, that being of your preſent buſineſs, you would uſe it to the moſt advantage, and not loſe ſo much in charity. That bread and meat you give away, as regularly as the Friday comes, to ſuch a number of poor people, is what keeps you low. I ſhould be happy, were I told you would but lay a little up againſt old age. Conſider—

FRANKLY.

FRANKLY. Oh, ſir, God will keep me in old age, as well as now. And as for what you mentioned juſt this moment of another buſineſs, why ſhould I deſire it? I have been a miller now theſe five-and-forty years, come Lady day; and what does being of one buſineſs or another ſignify, provided one is honeſt?

Mr. RIVERS. Every one, 'tis certain, muſt eſteem you very much for having ſuch ideas. I, for my part, ſcruple not to ſay I look upon you with reſpect, for thoſe good qualities you are poſſeſſed of; and conſidering, likewiſe, the good education you have been ſo provident as to beſtow upon your ſon. He promiſes to turn out well.

FRANKLY. It was of him, I came to have a little talk, ſir, with you. It appears, then, you are ſatisfied with his behavionr?

Mr. RIVERS. Quite. He has the greateſt part of my affairs to manage. I leave every thing to him, and all that are acquainted with his way of doing buſineſs, praiſe him.

FRANKLY. What you mention charms my heart. He is the only child I ever had, and will, I hope, turn out my joy and conſolation. I have done my utmoſt to improve his underſtanding; and, that means might not be wanting for that purpoſe, chearfully deprived myſelf of neceſſary things. I would have had him of my trade, but children would be always ſomething better than their parents.

Mr. Rivers. Yes, that wiſh is natural to thoſe who would advance themſelves.

Frankly. They are not, therefore, happier: but what ſignifies it, if they think they are. So, then you have a notion he will make his way?

Mr. Rivers. I was quite ſure ſo, the firſt moment I beheld him: and ſince that, I never ſaw a youth ſo much improved.

Frankly. I placed him at a ſchool of eminence, in London, where he ſtayed ſix years. My couſin, you know who, that keeps the great academy at * * *, and who, they ſay, is very learned, but in my idea has not common ſenſe, was uſed to tell me; without Latin, Henry will be good for nothing. But, why Latin, coz, was always my reply? They ſpeak no Latin now-a-days in England. If my ſon had need of any other language than his own, it would be uſeful for him to converſe in French or German, ſince in that caſe, he would meet with people he could talk with. And at laſt, indeed, I ſent him into France, three years, where he was taught both commerce and the language; and you know with what ſucceſs.

Mr. Rivers. With very great; and you did right to follow ſuch a plan. We know too well what ſort of people theſe fine latiniſts turn out. They fancy they know every thing; and after all are nothing. Henry helps me very much: it is his buſineſs to tranſlate my

Engliſh letters into French: and that, as well as all my correſpondence, he takes care of.

FRANKLY. All your correſpondence! I am ſorry to hear that, ſir.

Mr. RIVERS. Sorry! and why ſo? what can there be in that to make you ſorry?

FRANKLY. Sir.

Mr. RIVERS. Well, what, you heſitate! ſpeak, Frankly.

FRANKLY. I do heſitate, indeed, becauſe I ſcarce know how to tell you. I would wiſh to ſend him hence.

Mr. RIVERS. To ſend him hence! and whither, pray; or why?

FRANKLY. I know not how it comes to paſs, but have you not remarked, ſir, that, of late, how changed he is in point of look? and yet, he ſays he is not ill. What then can ail him? You remember, at the time of his return from France, how freſh and plump he was: but now, if you take notice, you will ſee his cheeks are ſunk; and more than that, ten days ago we dined together, and he did not eat.

Mr. RIVERS. I ſhould be grieved to loſe him; but muſt own——Ah, here he comes: let me interrogate him on this ſubject, in your preſence: he will not, perhaps, appear ſo much on the reſerve with me.

FRANKLY. Yes do, ſir; we ſhall then be two to one againſt him: and may find out ſomething.

HENRY *(coming in, and running to his father.)*

Ah,

Ah, my dear, dear father! I but little thought of ſeeing you this morning.

FRANKLY. And how goes it with you, Henry? I deſigned, before I went away, to ſee you.

Mr. RIVERS. Hear me, Henry; and hide nothing. Your good father thinks the air of ** does not ſuit you, and has thoughts of ſending you elſewhere. I cannot fancy any thing diſpleaſes you about my houſe; but if there does, as no one is entirely maſter of his inclination, you are free to go; however, I may wiſh you had continued with me.

HENRY. Free to go! Ah, ſir, who could have told you I deſired to quit your houſe? Ah, ſir! ah, father! be perſuaded, I am happier here than I ſhould be in any other place whatever.

FRANKLY. Truly, I am glad I was deceived; for this avowal is pronounced too warmly to admit of any doubt reſpecting its ſincerity: and ſince the thing is ſo, we are all three content. *(To Mr. Rivers.)* You ſee, ſir, he is not ungrateful, but repays your kindneſs with the ſame attachment as yourſelf have frequently profeſſed.

Mr. RIVERS. And I am very glad to find it ſo. Yes, Henry, had you left my houſe, it would have grieved me. You deſerve I ſhould declare thus much. I find you are obtaining every day ſtill more and more my confidence; and I have told your father ſo.

HENRY.

HENRY. I limit my ambition, ſir, to that of pleaſing you on all occaſions; and your approbation of my conduct, is to me the greateſt recompence I could receive.

FRANKLY. Ah, Henry, Henry; 'tis the conſequence of good behaviour to obtain us every one's eſteem.

Mr. RIVERS. Had you left me, I proteſt it would have taken greatly from the happineſs I ſhall enjoy in marrying, as I ſhall, and very ſhortly too, my daughter. *(Henry all at once appears ſurpriſed and agitated.)*

FRANKLY. Ah! you marry her? The lovely child! I recollect her when no taller than this chair. She uſed to make me half a dozen pretty curtſies, when ſhe ſaw me, notwithſtanding I had nothing but my cap on: but, what ails you, Henry?

HENRY. I am thinking, father.—You ſaid right, juſt now.—You ſee things better than myſelf; and, your experience,—*(To Mr. Rivers.)* I have thought upon it, and muſt go. Yes, yes, I feel I muſt.

Mr. RIVERS. Muſt? after what you ſaid juſt now?

FRANKLY. What whims are theſe? You did not wiſh to go this moment; but do now!

HENRY. Yes, father, I muſt go. I have my reaſons. It will grieve me, ſir, to quit you; but my happineſs and peace of mind are both at ſtake. *(He withdraws into a corner, thoughtfully.)*

FRANKLY.

FRANKLY. What can we think of this? for my part, I am puzzled to account for what I ſee: he will, and will not.—He muſt, ſure, be touched.

Mr. RIVERS. By what I ſee, he has ſome ſecret ſorrow. He will, probably, unfold himſelf to you, in private. You have always been a tender father to him: he knows that: his happineſs is dear to you. 'Tis alſo dear to me. If, after all, he thinks he ſhall be happier any where than here, I muſt conſent. It will be no ſmall matter of uneaſineſs to me; but, but,—In ſhort, I leave you to debate the affair together. *(Goes out.)*

FRANKLY. Well, what ails you, Henry? you are weeping!

HENRY. Aſk me not the reaſon of my tears, dear father. All I wiſh is you would let me quit this houſe: the farther I am off, the happier it will make me.

FRANKLY. Is it me, then, you would keep from aſking any reaſon why you weep? Have you forgot with what affection I have looked upon you?—Speak. I am, perhaps the only perſon that can change your deſtiny.

HENRY. I dare not ſpeak;—but why, on ſecond thoughts, ſhould I keep ſilence? Have I proved myſelf a culprit? no; Ah, father, why is not your ſtate in life ſuperior to a miller's? With your virtues, you deſerve a better ſituation.

FRANKLY. Well, and what is that to you, if

if I am nothing but a miller, when, on my part, I am ſatisfied, and happy? Would you bluſh at being born the ſon of ſuch a man? Oh, long ago, I thought it not impoſſible but you might have that fooliſh pride about you, and provided for emergencies accordingly.

HENRY. No, father, I reſpect you; and if heaven would grant me on this article a choice, I would not change you, to get any other father in the world: but the effect of prejudice is this, that all men do not think alike; and 'tis, perhaps, on that account alone I ſhall be all my life unhappy.

FRANKLY. If you tell me the occaſion of your grief, I might, perhaps, remove it. If you do not; you——

HENRY. I know what you would ſay; and therefore will declare the whole: Miſs Caroline,——

FRANKLY. Well, what of her?

HENRY. Is on the point of being married.

FRANKLY. And, what then?

HENRY. Ah, why, ſir, is ſhe not as poor as I am? I would then unite my fortunes with her: You have often told me, if you recollect, that to be happy in a wife I ſhould conſider what ſhe is, and not, like many others, what ſhe has.

FRANKLY. But to attach myſelf to any woman, means a little love upon her ſide; and 'tis not to be doubted, but that he, Miſs Caroline has fixed on, pleaſes her much more than

than you do. So that there is nothing you can reaſonably hope for.

HENRY. Ah, were ſhe permitted to beſtow herſelf on him ſhe has moſt love for, no one, in that caſe, would be preferred to me.

FRANKLY. That is to ſay, that if your ſuit ſhould be approved of by the proper perſon, you would marry her?

HENRY. Yes, yes; but I muſt not expect that happineſs.

FRANKLY. You cannot take upon you to ſay that: however, tell me, by what chance you came to fall in love thus with Miſs Caroline?

HENRY. At firſt I ſaw her, and felt nothing in me like emotion; but, at laſt, the abſolute reverſe took place. Did you but know, ſir, how ſhe thinks and ſpeaks! what ſenſibility ſhe manifeſts in favour of the unhappy! what affecting complaiſance ſhines forth in all her actions! and all this without pretence or effort. I have frequently remarked ſhe never ſpeaks amiſs of any one herſelf, and always reprehends whatever looks like evil ſpeaking in her friends and neighbours.

FRANKLY. Charming! but inform me, does ſhe marry him her father ſpoke about, from inclination?

HENRY. Inclination! oh no, no.

FRANKLY. And do you think ſhe would accept of you in preference to Mr. Moneytrap, if you were richer?

HENRY.

HENRY. I am ſure ſhe would.

FRANKLY. Then, hear me, Henry.

HENRY. Well?

FRANKLY. Take courage.

HENRY. Courage?

FRANKLY. Yes; for ſince this marriage is not yet concluded, there is room for hope.—I will this very day demand her for you, of her father.

HENRY. You?—Take care how you expoſe yourſelf to Mr. Rivers. He would think it an affront. Demand her for me of her father? how came ſuch a whim into your head?

FRANKLY. Stay here, I tell you; and before the day is ended, look to have good tidings. I have hopes, at leaſt, the caſe will turn out favourably.

HENRY. I repent, I told you any thing about it. Let me, then, fly from her. Why ſhould I indulge a fruitleſs hope? It is not in your power, dear father, in this caſe to do me any ſervice.

FRANKLY. Hold your tongue, I ſay; and let me manage the affair, as well as I am able. I will have you ſtay with Mr. Rivers, and not leave him.

HENRY. But, I muſt, dear father.

FRANKLY. Recollect, however, if you pleaſe, it is your duty to obey me.—Do you hear that, Henry? And hear this, too—You ſhall have her: you ſhall have her. (*He goes out.*)

HENRY. What a dear, good father!—He ſuppoſes it will happen, for no other reaſon than becauſe he wiſhes it may happen. No, I have not even that hope, which commonly accompanies misfortunes.

ACT II.

SCENE, *continues.*

HENRY *(enters, walking ſlowly.)*

YOU ſhall have her! You ſhall have her! How it is I know not, but theſe words ſtill ſtrike upon my ear. Ah, too, too precious object, never will you be erazed from my heart. Your image is engraven there, and cannot be obliterated but with life. And ſhall I ſee you deſtined to another? Will that other render you as happy as myſelf would? I muſt then devour my torments. Every thing grows inſupportable; and ſhe herſelf, too, aggravates my puniſhment. I dare no longer look upon her. If I hear her voice, alone, it adds to my deſpair; and in proportion as I fly her, juſt in ſuch proportion does it ſeem as if by hazard, ſhe were brought into my way. I ſee her coming.—Shall I ſtay, then?—No. *(Going.)*

CAROLINE *(entering.)* You would avoid me?

HENRY *(returning.)* No.

CAROLINE,

CAROLINE. You were, however, going?

HENRY. Yes.

CAROLINE. And whither?

HENRY. No where. *(Sighing.)*

CAROLINE. You ſeem very gloomy.

HENRY. I acknowledge.——*Apropos*, I had forgot.

CAROLINE. What, pray?

HENRY. To pay you my congratulations with reſpect to Mr. Money-trap.—The whole affair is ſettled.

CAROLINE. You are jeſting.

HENRY. You miſtake: I am complaining.

CAROLINE, Leave me. We betray each other. You occaſion me no leſs uneaſineſs than Money-trap.

HENRY. And therefore I reſolve to quit this habitation.

CAROLINE. Be perſuaded, that I ſuffer now while you are preſent, and ſhall ſuffer more when you have left me.

HENRY. If, indeed, you have this pity for me it muſt be quite ineffectual, while this marriage——

CAROLINE. Would you have me diſobey my father? 'Tis his will alone I would not counteract; for, with regard to Money-trap, believe me, I have treated him with all the indifference I could manifeſt: but by his conduct, it ſhould ſeem, I fancy, there are men who, notwithſtanding our reſiſtance, previouſly reſolve, on any terms, to have us.

HENRY. He has not received your hand as yet; and would you but reſiſt with courage—

CAROLINE. That were to reſiſt my father, which already I have told you, I can never bring myſelf to. And the intereſt of your love ſhould not thus argue down my duty.

HENRY. Heavens! The intereſt of my love! It is the intereſt of yours only, that now guides me. Be another's, but be happy. I, for my part, will renounce my country; and by fighing at a diſtance from you, prove to every one that knows us, how diſintereſted was my paſſion.

CAROLINE. Why was I not born in indigence? I ſhould not then be ſought for.

HENRY. Ah, if I were rich, I would in that caſe offer——

CAROLINE. But inſtead of quitting us, if you would ſtay and make a trial,—you might even—But, alas! he cannot be expected to comply—

HENRY. No, no; and 'tis that very circumſtance diſtracts me. I can never, in idea, be upon a footing with you. Such idea would offend your father. I am, therefore, loſt for ever, while another that has gold, on that account alone will gain you.

CAROLINE. When I ſee him, as I ſhall do very ſhortly, I will have recourſe to that indifference I have hitherto received him with. But, truſt me, he feels nothing. Notwithſtanding

ſtanding which, my father's will, if he perſiſts, will make me——

HENRY. At the altar ſwear to love him?

CAROLINE. And no longer thiuk of you.—Oh, heaven!

HENRY. But to avert ſo diſmal a neceſſity, I will be bold, and hazard all things. I will throw myſelf, this inſtant, at your father's feet: do you the ſame, too, on your ſide.

CAROLINE. But he is coming. Heavens! ſhould he have heard us!

Mr. RIVERS (*entering with an agitated countenance.*) Henry, I was looking for you; and you, likewiſe, Caroline; for I have diſmal news to tell you.

HENRY. Heaven forbid, ſir!

CAROLINE. Your whole countenance is agitated!

Mr. RIVERS. I am in deſpair!

HENRY. What is it? ſpeak, ſir.

CAROLINE. My dear father!

Mr. RIVERS (*falling into a chair.*) Let me breathe a little. Caroline, you will be grieved; for my misfortune is a heavy one, and ſtill much heavier, being alſo yours. Alas! I have been labouring all my life to be at once entirely ruined.

CAROLINE. Ruined!

HENRY. How?

Mr. RIVRRS. You merit my eſteem and confidence, young man. I ſhould have ſhewn

myſelf more prudent, had I liſtened to your counſel. I repent I did not ſo;—but 'tis too late. My deareſt Frankly, it has often hurt you, to reflect what ſums of money I advanced upon the credit of that houſe at Bourdeaux.

HENRY. Has it failed, then, ſir?

Mr. RIVERS. I have juſt learned as much. Theſe five-and-twenty years, have we been trading with each other; and my truſt in their reſponſibility has had no bounds. When unexpectedly,—Oh, heavens! would I had died before the day I knew them.

CAROLINE. Deareſt father! do not give yourſelf up to deſpair. Now is the time to ſhow your courage.—But is every thing, then, loſt.

Mr. RIVERS. My letters tell me they have failed without reſource; and to increaſe the weight of their misfortune, as it preſſes upon me, this ſore calamity has happened at a time when I was waiting every moment for remittances to make good certain payments here; of which, dear Caroline, your dower was one.

HENRY. Dear ſir, I am your ſervant. Shall I ſet out poſt? do every thing on this emergence for your ſervice? *(During this ſcene Caroline ſupports herſelf againſt the wainſcot.)*

Mr. RIVERS. We muſt wait; but in the interval, what method ſhall I take to pay thoſe bills I have accepted? Their amount is very high. I have no other choice, but that of borrowing

rowing while the ſtate of my affairs is not ſuſpected. So do you go, Henry, and without delay——

HENRY. Ah, ſir, might I preſume,—

Mr. RIVERS. I know what you ſhould ſay; but I am forced into the meaſure. I muſt follow the example ſet me. I have loſt, myſelf, conſiderably, and need, therefore ſcruple leſs to be the cauſe of other people's loſs.

HENRY. And can you bring yourſelf to— *(a pauſe.)*

Mr. RIVERS. I muſt otherwiſe be ruined. I can take no other ſtep. The houſe at Amſterdam may, poſſibly, find means to huſh the ſtorm; and every thing, if ſo, is well. But if that ſhould not be the caſe, ſhall I alone ſupport a burden, that infallibly muſt cruſh me.

HENRY. Have I your permiſſion to ſpeak out?

Mr. RIVERS. No doubt the moments are of too much conſequence, that you ſhould now affect the leaſt concealment.

HENRY. Be not, my dear ſir, offended; but 'tis only your bad fortune that could poſſibly ſuggeſt this ſcheme; your own preceding conduct utterly condemns it. Being only now unhappy, would you wiſh to mend your ſituation, for a day or two, by being guilty.

Mr. RIVERS. What would you adviſe me then to? give up every thing I am poſſeſſed of? After ſo much labour, ſhall I loſe my all,

and

and what would, in that caſe, become of Caroline?

CAROLINE. Dear father, think not in the leaſt of me: but let your peace of mind be firſt of all provided for.

HENRY. Ah, ſir! reſiſt that firſt temptation of adverſity, and think upon the wrong you are about to do; for twenty families will be, by ſuch a meaſure, brought to ruin. You have yet enough, if you will part with every thing: and he muſt be acknowledged rich, at leaſt comparatively ſpeaking, who owes nothing. Think how mortifying it would be, ſhould any perſon have it in his power to tell his neighbours: *You had wronged him.* You are not accuſtomed to ſuch language.

Mr. RIVERS. Muſt I, then, degrade myſelf?

HENRY. To be juſt, is not a degradation.

Mr. RIVERS. And my child! what will become of her?

CAROLINE. Forget me, I beſeech you, for the preſent.

HENRY. I devote myſelf for ever to your ſervice. Your misfortune renders you much more reſpectable. You have repoſed your confidence upon me, Grant me, then, the truſt without reſerve. You are in your unhappy ſituation, too much troubled to do any thing yourſelf. I will go round to all your creditors, who, ſeeing your integrity, will doubtleſs be affected,

affected, and facilitate the means of your continuance ſtill in trade.

Mr. Rivers. You touch me very deep, young man: and never did I know you better than at preſent. I rely on you entirely, and thank God, I have a ray of hope ſtill left. This Mr. Money-trap, my ſon-in-law, is rich: he loves my daughter, and will help me, when he knows of my diſtreſs. A greater or leſs ſum of money for the preſent cannot be of much concern to him.

Henry. He may, indeed, be doubly happy, and ſuſtain your credit by his fortune. What a great advantage that for him!

Caroline. I will inform him of the whole affair myſelf, if you think proper: he ſhall hear it from my lips, and will receive it in a very different manner than from you, ſir. Let me have a little converſation with him.

Mr. Rivers. Yes, with all my heart, and I will ſend him to you. Come, my deareſt Henry, I will let you have my papers: ſettle matters as you pleaſe, and I will ratify whatever you think fitteſt to be done. Without you, I ſhould ſurely have proceeded to an act that does not ſuit a good man's reputation. You have ſnatched me from the precipice, upon the brink of which I ſtood.

Henry. I have no more than my poor zeal to offer you: but that you may command. *(They go out.)*

Caroline. How hard to ſtifle thoughts that

that ſeem ſo lawful! With what elevation of ideas did he not addreſs my father! Ah, my heart approved of every thing he ſaid. But what can be the reaſon, that thus taken up with thoughts of Henry, I appear ſo little intereſted for the blow that has been aimed at my dear father's fortune? This flattering omen ſeems at leaſt to tell me, Money-trap will never be my huſband: but provided he has fixed his inclination on me only, in this marriage, and for my ſake ſhould deſire to aid my father, gratitude, in that caſe, tells me I ſhould ſacrifice myſelf to ſo much generoſity. That thought alarms me! — I deſire and fear! — I know my duty; but I know my inclination likewiſe! — But I ſee him coming: how I tremble, leſt he ſhould evince a generous diſpoſition!

MONEY-TRAP *(entering, and in tranſport.)* Caroline, my dear Miſs Caroline, what happineſs awaits me! I have learned, this moment, that the lawyers have diſpatched their buſineſs; and —— But, why this ſadneſs thus repeated? I was never in my life ſo joyous!

CAROLINE. Poſſibly, this joy, ſir, may not long continue.

MONEY-TRAP. But it will, my dear young lady, it will be eternal, like the love I cheriſh for you.

CAROLINE. Hear me, ſir, and anſwer with ſincerity.

MONEY-

MONEY-TRAP. As if I could do otherwiſe. *(Going to kneel.)*

CAROLINE. Ah, ſir, it is not this I want.

MONEY-TRAP. Not want, that I ſhould ſwear an everlaſting paſſion to you? But, why ſwear, indeed? when all my actions prove the ſtrength of my affection. Look you; not a fortnight ſince, I had propoſals from the guardian of an heireſs, but refuſed to hear them.

CAROLINE. You did wrong, I muſt be free enough to tell you, in rejecting ſuch a match.

MONEY-TRAP. Dear Caroline, and do you know how much this language wounds me?

CAROLINE. Can you anſwer for your heart, ſo far as to aſſure me, that in this projected marriage, intereſt is not your motive?

MONEY-TRAP. What a queſtion! when, if Providence had placed you in the world without a fortune, without any wealth except your natural perfection, I ſhould think myſelf the happieſt mortal living, could I but poſſeſs you.

CAROLINE *(aſide.)* Can he be ſincere? If ſo, what then will be my ſituation! *(To Money-trap)* What diſintereſted notions! So that putting ſuch a caſe, as if my father unexpectedly were ruined, and inſtead of giving me a portion, ſhould have need of your aſſiſtance to ſupport his tottering credit, you would intereſt yourſelf for his advantage?

MONEY-TRAP. In that caſe, the happineſs of

of meriting the more your virtues, I ſhould look on as a recompence for even more than I could ever do. But why theſe queſtions? are they meant to try me?—

CAROLINE. They are rendered neceſſary, by a caſe as recent as unhappy. To be ſhort, he has received intelligence, this very morning, of a bankruptcy abroad.

MONEY-TRAP. Affecting him?

CAROLINE. Him principally; ſo that every thing we had is loſt.

MONEY-TRAP *(aſide.)* Unfortunate! *(aloud)* Theſe matters never chance to any but myſelf! —You muſt adviſe him to conceal his ſituation for a while, precipitate our marriage, and increaſe your portion: the increaſe I can return when we are man and wife.

CAROLINE. My father never will conſent to ſuch advice. He might have hid his ſituation, and even cheated you.

MONEY-TRAP. He might indeed have done ſo. *(Aſide)* So that I have had a fine eſcape! *(Aloud)* But how, with all his prudence, could he run into ſuch danger? At his time of life to be ſo fooliſh!—'Tis not to be pardoned!

CAROLINE. Commerce, I need ſcarcely tell you, is expoſed to accidents. He was expecting they would even have ſent him large remittances, inſtead of ſuch afflicting news.

MONEY-TRAP, The villains! juſtice ought to hang them.

CAROLINE.

CAROLINE. They are only like ourſelves, unfortunate.

MONEY-TRAP. Unfortunate? No favour for ſuch raſcals! I would ſhew them none! My ſituation, with reſpect to you, dear Caroline, is very lamentable! but I cannot keep my indignation under, at your father's conduct! There is no reproach, but what he merits; ſince inſtead of placing out his money where it would have been ſecure,—

CAROLINE. We cannot ſee into futurity.

MONEY-TRAP. But, miſs, the loſs is irreparable, you tell me; notwithſtanding which, you are compoſed. I had already made a prudent diſpoſition of your fortune, but the plan is brought to nothing. And all this occaſioned by your father's raſhneſs! He is, is —— No, I can never (I ſee that) forgive him.

CAROLINE. You would hardly, in my preſence, I ſhould think, ſay any thing injurious to my father: that would be too earneſt an eſpouſal of my cauſe. As yet he has not done *you* any wrong. He is employed, at preſent, in reviewing his affairs, and finds he has ſufficient to diſcharge his debts.

MONEY-TRAP. But then, your portion, miſs, your portion?—I ſpeak rather upon your account you ſhould conſider, than my own. But, I forgot: you have, no doubt, aunts, uncles, and relations?

CAROLINE. No, ſir, I have no one in the world. My father was the only friend I had.

MONEY-TRAP. Not one relation, at whoſe death you might come in for ſomething? (*Aſide*) What a family I was upon the point of getting into! (*Aloud*) Miſs, I love you with far more ſincerity than not to grieve for your misfortune; but this curſed bankruptcy! ——Sure, thoſe your father owes to, would admit of compoſition; and, if ſo, he might get friends, who for his benefit would bring in their demands upon him.—All imaginary, I confeſs, but ſuch as being ſworn to, would bring ſo much back into his pocket. By ſuch methods, I have known ſome people get again full eighty out of every hundred pounds they owed.

CAROLINE. My father, ſir, would ſcorn ſo baſe a project: he deſires no favour, and will not conſent that any one ſhould loſe on his account.

MONEY-TRAP. The worſe for him in that caſe, miſs, ſay I. All this, as you muſt know, deranges me; and then another thing, I muſt be plain to mention. I can hardly think you love me; and ſhould never chuſe to marry one like you, upon conſent of parents only, which I ſhould do here, ſince, as you know, you have ſo often boaſted that the pleaſure of a father, and his will, were every thing with you. I ſhould be everlaſtingly afraid I were not maſter of your heart. I do not wiſh to make you miſerable, as you would be, probably, with me.

me. The beſt thing I can do on this occaſion——

CAROLINE. Would be to withdraw.

MONEY-TRAP. I apprehend you, and obey. —Your humble ſervant. *(Goes out.)*

CAROLINE *(alone.)* Is this he, then, that to hear him, only ſighed for me?—With how much agitation he received the news!—One would have thought it was his property that had been loſt. At leaſt, however, this misfortune has delivered me from ſuch a hateful lover: there is reaſon for rejoicing, in that circumſtance; but on the other hand, my father's ſituation grieves me. It is only upon his account I can regret the ruin of that fortune, which would otherwiſe have been his comfort in old age. With Henry, I could paſs my days in indigence, and not complain. —Yes, were my father not diſtreſſed, I ſhould be happy.

HENRY *(entering with a pocket-book and other papers in his hand.)* I am giving my attention now, Miſs Caroline, to nothing but ſuch means as may ſecure my maſter from the ſtorm's firſt violence. Unhop'd reſources very often riſe in our diſtreſs, and time works many wonderous changes in the courſe of men's affairs; perhaps, your father's circumſtances may ſoon take a different turn, and every thing be not, as he imagines, loſt. I profeſs myſelf his faithful ſervant, as I ought to be, indeed, and therefore, now devote all my attention to his

buſineſs. Were it not my duty to do ſo, this preſent time, alas! would hardly juſtify the attention I ſhould like to give my own.

CAROLINE. If it will comfort you in any manner, Henry, be aſſured of this; that I lament much leſs than you, perhaps, imagine, the misfortune of my father, when I view its conſequence in their reference to myſelf. It draws me nearer, let me ſay, to you. Our ſituation in the world will now, at leaſt, be on a level. How diſdainfully I look upon that money, which does every thing among us, while the workings of the heart, ſo precious, are without the leaſt degree of value!—I have ſeen this Money-trap.

HENRY. His fortune will make up, in ſome degree, for *that* your father and yourſelf have loſt.

CAROLINE. No; you are wrong The tale of our diſaſter has delivered me entirely from him. He has taken flight.

HENRY. Heavens! Is it poſſible? What happineſs for me, that he had neither eye-ſight, nor a heart! I am delivered from this rival, then?

CAROLINE. Believe me, my dear Henry, he was never ſuch in my conception. In this heart, you never had a rival; and to comfort you ſtill more, ſhall never have one there. You merit ſuch a declaration on my part. Let it encourage you, with greater zeal, if it be poſſible, to ſerve my father.

HENRY.

HENRY. What can the weak voice of gratitude effect, when my whole ſoul thus palpitates with paſſion, with aſtoniſhment, with joy? Farewell.—I go.—I fly.—What efforts are ſufficient to deſerve you!

ACT III.

SCENE, *changes to the hall.*

FRANKLY, *(with a ſack of flour upon his ſhoulders,)* and a SERVANT.

The SERVANT.

WHAT, then, you inſiſt on entering with that ſack upon your ſhoulders?

FRANKLY. Yes I do, and have a reaſon for it.

The SERVANT. Did you ever hear the like!—You muſt have loſt your ſenſes, ſurely!

FRANKLY (*putting down his ſack.*) You ſhall ſee that ſhortly. I know very well what I am doing. And, beſides, ſuppoſe I did not, let your maſter and not you, find fault. But, tell me! when my ſon commands you to do any thing, are you ſo ready with your anſwers.

The SERVANT. Oh, if he has ordered this

fine buſineſs, well and good. But I have ſent to tell him.

FRANKLY. Sent to tell him! And what then? You don't ſuppoſe I care for him? I want to have a little converſation with your maſter, Mr. Jackanapes. So go, and tell him I am here.

The SERVANT. You cannot ſee him now; he is engaged in buſineſs of the greateſt conſequence.

FRANKLY. No matter. I muſt ſee him, and directly,—Buſineſs of the greateſt conſequence! Why mine is one of life and death.

The SERVANT. Well, tell your ſon ſo; for I ſee him coming. (*As he is going out*) What a fellow! He is crack-brained, ſurely!

HENRY (*coming in.*) Hey, day! what's the reaſon of all this?

FRANKLY. The reaſon, Henry? I am come on purpoſe to demand Miſs Caroline in marriage, for you.

HENRY. Truly, you have pitched upon a proper time and place!

FRANKLY. Oh, never fear.

HENRY. What, in this dreſs? and with a ſack of flour?

FRANKLY. Yes, with a ſack of flour.

HENRY. And what will Mr. Rivers ſay?

FRANKLY. Oh, you, for your part, are in love; but I am come to cure you.

HENRY. Hear me, father. Mr. Rivers is not in a proper temper, now, for joking.

FRANKLY.

FRANKLY. Oh, but I ſhall make him ſo.

HENRY. You know not, father—

FRANKLY. What?

HENRY. That there is now no room for hope.

FRANKLY. Yes; but there is: and you ſhall have her, boy. I told you ſo, before, if you remember. Yes, yes, you ſhall have her.

HENRY. Do you think to how much danger you expoſe me, by this mirth of yours? You make the difference between our ſituation in the world, and Mr. Rivers's, more evident. This pleaſes you; but every body laughs. Let me, however, aſk your project.

FRANKLY. Project! why, to make you, what you wiſh for ſo, your maſter's ſon-in-law.

HENRY. You haſten the affair too much: in ſhort, you would undo me. Let me help you to remove the ſack..

FRANKLY. No, no.

HENRY. Into the yard; no farther.

FRANKLY. Will you let it ſtand, then, when I bid you.

HENRY. He is coming.

FRANKLY. I deſire to ſee him.

HENRY. I am grieved, I ever ſpoke to you of this affair.

FRANKLY. You have but little confidence, I ſee it clearly, in your father. Did you ever yet

yet repent of having told me any thing. (*Almoſt angry*) What do you take me for?

HENRY. Sure, no one but myſelf would think you in your wits.

FRANKLY. Oh, we ſhall, quickly ſee which of the two is moſt ſo. You, or I?

HENRY. My maſter, when he ſees you, will not know what he ſhould think. I will deny the whole affair: and I perceive him coming. Let me beg you, father, to ſay nothing. He appears quite thoughtful: he is not, believe me, in a proper frame of mind to be diverted with your jokes.

Mr. RIVERS. (*entering*) What was it you then wiſhed to ſpeak a little with me? What, pray, is your buſineſs with this luggage?

FRANKLY. If you ever thought well of me, ſir, let me requeſt at preſent, half an hour or forty minutes' audience. I will let you know my reaſon for this freedom, and I dare aſſert you will not diſapprove it.

HENRY. (*In a whiſper to his maſter.*) Have you any thing particular that we can do? my father has no urgent buſineſs, and can wait.

Mr. RIVERS. Have you informed him what has happened?

HENRY. I ſir, tell your ſecrets!

Mr. RIVERS. It was very prudent in you; but your father I may truſt. (*To Frankly*) Alas! I told you of my daughters marriage with one Mr. Money-trap, who ſeem'd quite anxious for it: but at laſt, would you believe it? when he heard

heard of certain changes that have happened to me, he went off, and *(To Henry.)* has this very moment ſent me an inſulting letter.

FRANKLY. You could not agree about the portion. Oh I gueſs that eaſily enough. Theſe lovers are at preſent much in faſhion, and they ſcruple not to bargain for a wife, even with her father. You did right, ſir, to hold out againſt him; and will hardly be a loſer by it, for theſe people never make good huſbands. I, ſir, on the other hand, have one I would propoſe, worth twenty Moneytraps. *(To Henry.)* Yes, yes, you may wink as much as you think proper.

HENRY. Is it poſſible!—If you determine on it, I muſt leave you. (*Goes out.*)

FRANKLY. *(approaching Mr. Rivers.)* Yes, ſir, it is I, that come to offer you a huſband for Miſs Caroline.

Mr. RIVERS. And who pray put you on this errand?

FRANKLY. I ſhall recommend you a young man, whoſe family and manners you are well acquainted with.

Mr. RIVERS. And who is this young man?

FRANKLY. My ſon.

Mr. RIVERS. Your ſon?

FRANKLY. Yes, ſir, my ſon.

Mr. RIVERS. I never could have thought as much! He ſend you——

FRANKLY. Sir, he did not ſend me; on the

the other hand, he would have kept me from declaring his affection, and accordingly went from us juſt this moment, when he ſaw I was reſolv'd to ſpeak. Aſſuredly, ſaid I, ſince he eſteems Miſs Caroline ſo much, he would not fail to make her a good huſband. You are well acquainted with his heart and underſtanding, and why ſhould he not obtain the preference?

Mr. Rivers. And do you think of what you ſay? I certainly forgive you being as you are a father; But——

Frankly. Sir, let me ſay, there never was a blot in any of our family. And as for different ſituations, I have ſeen the great and little—

Mr. Rivers. You are in the right good Frankly, and I never thought the day would come, when I ſhould ſee ſuch little difference between us. (*ſighing*) What a day! but tell me truly, did or did he not deſire you to come hither on this buſineſs?

Frankly. On my honour, ſir, this declaration was not made by his conſent: and be aſſured, he is as certain it will fail, as I am ſure it will ſucceed.

Mr. Rivers. You may, however, be miſtaken.

Frankly. No, I ſhall not be miſtaken.

Mr. Rivers. You are a ſtrange man!

Frankly. I am an honeſt man. No underhanded ways with me! You think, perhaps, my ſon may be a fortunehunter, ſuch as Money-trap. No ſir; ſay therefore but a word,

and

and two are happy: two! I ſhould have ſaid, ſir, four.

Mr. Rivers. Do you ſuppoſe, my daughter would conſent? Has Henry introduc'd you to her? Speak, I wiſh to know the whole.

Frankly. But ſir, I cannot think but that my ſon, polite, young, handſome, and what not, would pleaſe her to the full as well as any of your *Money-traps*.

Mr. Rivers. My good friend Frankly, I am ſorry for it.

Frankly. Sorry!

Mr. Rivers. Yes; becauſe I cannot give him my conſent.

Frankly. And why, ſir? let me aſk your reaſon.

Mr. Rivers. I will tell you. Not that I object by reaſon of his ſituation in the world; for you and I are on a level, ſince we ſell for profit.

Frankly. Since we ſell for profit! prettily expreſs'd.

Mr. Rivers. Your ſon, in time, no doubt will find an advantageous match; and I for my part ſhall be glad to recommend him, if I can, to ſuch an one.

Frankly. You need but recommend him to Miſs Caroline; and that is all we aſk.

Mr. Rivers. Miſs Caroline, at preſent, will not marry; and the reaſon is, ſince I muſt tell you all, becauſe I am not rich enough to give

give her any thing, and ſo on this account, and on no other, Money-trap is off.

FRANKLY. You are not rich enough to give her any thing?—Good! good!

Mr. RIVERS. A bankruptcy abroad has, after twenty years' hard labour, brought me to the very ſituation I ſet out from.

FRANKLY. Good!

Mr. RIVERS. She might accept a wealthy man; but Henry, who has nothing to begin the world with, how could I conſent he ſhould embarraſs his condition with a wife? for you muſt know what love is, when two lovers are without ſome little of the world's good things.

FRANKLY. That is to ſay, if Henry had but—— how much let me aſk you?

Mr. RIVERS. Oh, if he had only to the value of two thouſand pounds.—You ſmile

FRANKLY. Two thouſand pounds! and do you mean that if he had two thouſand pounds, your daughter ſhould be his?

Mr. RIVERS. Yes, truly do I. May he meet with all the happineſs I wiſh him ——

FRANKLY. Come then, ſir, and let my ſac ſpeak for me. Look you, (*Opening his ſack and taking out a little packet*) Here are, to the full, three thouſand pounds in paper.—— Good bank notes! all payable at ſight! no counterfeit light gold! but ſterling ſtuff!

Mr. RIVERS. I am aſtoniſh'd; but, my good friend Frankly, where did you get ſo much money?

FRANKLY. Where! in buſineſs: and by getting up betimes. Theſe five and thirty years have I been labouring, dreſs'd as now you ſee me. I have been unalterably frugal; and this maſs of money has been made by little portions added to it daily. Never did the love of greater profit work upon my heart to hazard what already I had made, except indeed the little ſums I conſtantly diſpers'd in charities; and this, in fact, which you, and others with you, fancied made me poor, has brought the bleſſings of God's providence upon me. I may truly call it now a bleſſing, ſince without it, my dear Henry would be wretched.

Mr. RIVERS. I am not myſelf, ſo great is my aſtoniſhment! And your deſign in bringing me this money?

FRANKLY. Is to ſettle Henry in the world. I have my mill, and half a dozen fields about it, which is all I want to live on.

Mr. RIVERS. What! and would you part with all this money?

FRANKLY. Call them hither. This, believe me, is the beſt day's pleaſure I have ever had. To-morrow I might die, and be depriv'd of ſuch a ſight.

Mr. RIVERS. I am beſide myſelf!—Surprize and admiration!—I will bring them *(goes out.)*

FRANKLY. Execrable money! every day you do ſuch miſchief in the world! but now, do good. I have preſerv'd you for that pur-

poſe. Go, then, and eſtabliſh the ſecurity of love and virtue. I will ſometimes be partaker of the joy reſulting from the good employment of you.

Mr. RIVERS (*coming in again.*) They are coming: but what joy and wonder will they not experience? Is it poſſible, however, for ſo many years you ſhould have perſevered in laying up this money! and, beſides, ſuppoſing Henry had unfortunately died, what then?

FRANKLY. Oh, I provided for that circumſtance, as you ſhall hear. Suppoſing I ſhould loſe my Henry, what then ſhall I do with all my money, thought I to myſelf. I will be conſtantly upon the watch to find a worthy heir, and very likely I ſhall have it told me, that ſome virtuous man, encumbered with a family, is in diſtreſs, and has no friend to help him. In that caſe, I will go out one morning, dreſſed as I am now, and with my ſack of flour upon my ſhoulders, I will knock for entrance at this poor man's door; deſire to ſpeak with him in private, and be introduced: he will look at me with aſtoniſhment, while I put down my ſack, and whiſper in his ear: This is for you, good man. Speak not a word: but take it. Every Sunday I will dine with you. Farewell; and for the time to come be happier than you have been.

Mr. RIVERS. Oh, my dear, good Frankly: (*embraces him.*) How ſhall I expreſs my ſenſe of

of ſo much virtue! (*To Caroline coming in with Henry*) Caroline, come hither.

FRANKLY. And you, Henry.

HENRY. Spare me, ſir: the ſtate in which you ſee me, is embarraſſing, ſince you are told of every thing. Determine on my lot as you think fit.

Mr. RIVERS. And what ſay you, too, Caroline?

CAROLINE. That I am ready to obey your orders, ſir, whatever they may be.

Mr. RIVERS. But, I perceive you underſtand each other perfectly; and I have no occaſion to take up my time in properly explaining things.

FRANKLY. She bluſhed: her heart ſpoke for her. The delightful girl! how ſhe enchants me! (*Caroline appears confuſed, and turns to go.*)

Mr. RIVERS. Stay, Caroline. I know your thoughts at preſent, and approve them. It depends upon yourſelf alone, to give your hand wherever you think proper. I withhold not my conſent to ſuch a meaſure.

FRANKLY. Do you hear that, Henry? You will credit me another time, I fancy now, whatever I may tell you. Oh, believe me, fathers always know much more, a great deal, than their children do.

HENRY (*to Mr. Rivers holding out his hand to Caroline.*) I fear, all this is but a dream.

Do you conſent, ſir, to our union? but your promiſe is already given. Pleaſure and aſtoniſhment obſtruct expreſſion in me.

Mr. Rivers. Caroline, do you with perfect cordiality accept of Henry for a huſband?

Caroline. Yes, ſir: it was he I have this long time loved. I pride myſelf in the confeſſion. Riches cannot make one happy; but with love on both ſides, one may live upon a very little.

Frankly. Well, that matter, then, is ſettled. So, Miſs Caroline, my figure does not ſhock you? An old fellow like myſelf will make you a good father-in-law.

Caroline. I was taught betimes to honour and reſpect integrity in any dreſs; and you have ſhown yourſelf ſo good a man, and ſuch a tender father, that I know not how one can do other than reſpect you.

Frankly. For the future, therefore, recollect, on all occaſions, Daddy Miller. See his treaſure. It is yours. This is the ſavings I have made in five-and-thirty years' hard labour. Had I more, in that caſe you ſhould have it.

Henry. What! can all theſe notes be yours?

Frankly. Yes, all. Your joy and ecſtaſy occaſions me more pleaſure, at this moment, than whole mines of gold could give me.

Mr. Rivers. Do you know there are three thouſand pounds?

Frankly,

FRANKLY. Aye, truly are there.

HENRY. Come then: we will place them, where at preſent they are wanted. Shall we not dear father?

Mr. RIVERS. Shall I ſuffer it? No, no.

FRANKLY (*to his ſon.*) I was expecting ſuch an offer from your generous nature; and am, happily, not diſappointed. Yes; we muſt prevent, as far as we are able, the effects of this unhappy bankruptcy. What nobler uſe can money be put to. Sow, dear children, then, this money; and the harveſt will be bleſſed by heaven.

CAROLINE. Oh, my future father! let me claſp you in my arms, for ſo much generoſity.

Mr. RIVERS. Well done, my child! well done! Reſpect this generoſity in all men; more particularly one to whom you are ſo much indebted.

HENRY. What! dear father, you have been ſo long employed in getting up this money, and yet make a ſecret of the matter?

FRANKLY. 'Tis this ſecret alone that has enſured your happineſs. A ſingle perſon, had he once been made acquainted with it, could not but have ſpoilt the whole. He might have undertaken to diſguſt me with my occupation; and perhaps, ſucceeded. We are liable to be ſeduced at laſt; and by proceeding from one folly to another, all this money might have

been

been entirely ſpent in ſuch a manner, that without my being, as they ſay, the fatter, I ſhould now have been the abſolute reverſe. Reſpecting that communication of my real circumſtances, ſome may think I ſhould have made to you; — a thouſand things may be advanced upon the ſubject. — Happy is that youth who has no other proſpect of reſources than what lie within himſelf! he will be much the better for it; and all thoſe unworthy children who, while children, are ſo often told their friends, as the expreſſion is, were born before them, fare the worſe by reaſon of their parents' fortunes; of which fortunes only, they are frequently enamoured; ſince the expectations of inheritances make them indolent, and good for nothing. Every youth ſhould of neceſſity, be taught betimes the inconveniences of want, and abſolute expedience of induſtry; or, generally ſpeaking, he will not arrive at any uſeful knowledge. If unhappily you had turned out a good-for-nothing fellow, like too many others, all this money ſhould have been ſome other perſon's.

HENRY. And with juſtice, father. But, how opportunely does this rich harveſt of your ſavings come! It never would have been ſo acceptable to us all, as now, when (*looking at Caroline*) every thing unites to make me happy.

FRANKLY. Dear, dear children! I will paſs

paſs my life away, in future, with you. (*To Mr. Rivers*) And pay you a viſit, with them, every Sunday. You, when we ſit down to dinner, ſhall be full before me; and my children on the right and left, that leaning back a little, I may ſee you at one view all three.—But huſh: let nothing of this whole affair tranſpire; and let us go to ſupper; for I think 'tis time. (*Looking at his watch, which is of ſilver, and a very great one.*)

Mr. Rivers. To-morrow we will have the writings drawn. Shall I ſend notice to my lawyer? or, perhaps, you would prefer employing yours?

Frankly. Employing mine! And what neceſſity for any? If our words are not to be relied on, neither will be ſo our writings. But do every thing as is the cuſtom; ſince we cannot mean to do each other juſtice, without ſending for thoſe gentry. (*To Henry*) Well, you will not now complain, I fancy, of my ſack.

Henry. Oh, no. I did not dream what ſort of flour was in it.

Frankly. Flour makes bread; and bread, they tell us, is the ſtaff of life: but where ſhall we diſcover ſuch a ſtaff as this? it is the beſt ſupport in nature. Come to ſupper, as I ſaid before. (*Stopping Mr. Rivers*) But your domeſtics, ſir?—thoſe jackadandies? Figure to yourſelf how they will ſtare, obſerving me at table

table in my cap; for I ſhall hardly pull it off. Ah! ah! they would not give my ſack of flour admittance. Did not I do well to force it in. Ah! ah! I ſhall go near to die with laughing.

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